BLUE

AND

GRAY

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

The Class of June, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, dedicates this issue of the Blue and Gray to Professor E. L. Zahn in sincere appreciation of his kindness and help during the past four years.

Blue and Gray

Class of 1914

M. V. H. S.

Mountain View, California
June 25

ROWING NOT DRIFTING

Rowing, Not Drifting

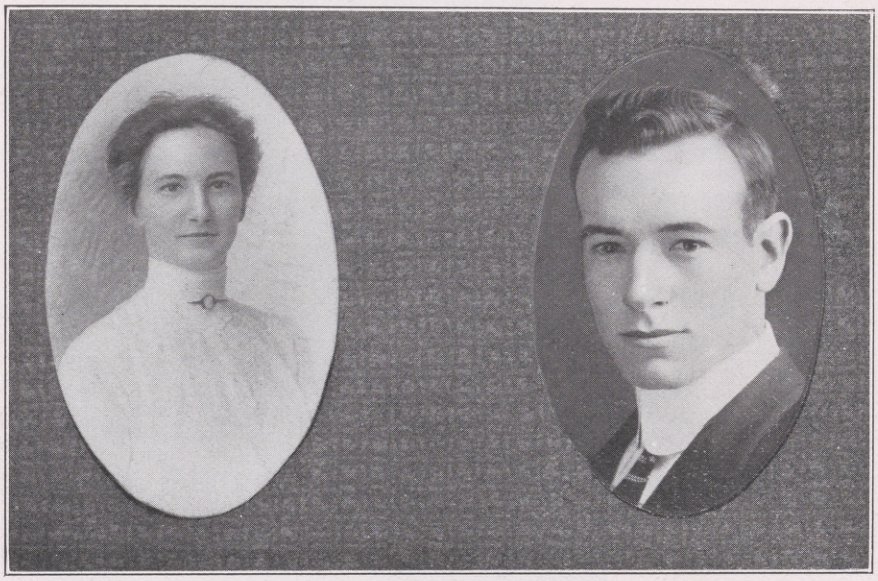
OH, Boatman, thou but now hast launched thy craft,
Upon a restless, tireless, bounding main,
Where Fortune may, perchance, send quiet seas,
Or Fate send storms against which thou must strain.
What-e'er betide thee on this Sea of Life,
Hear ye, the word thy watchword whispers thee,
Drift not thy bark, but ever row thou on,
In quiet wave or yet in restless sea.

Know Ye, O Boatman, on this Sea of Life,
That darkened skies and mighty storms appear,
Whose angry waves will break against thy craft,
And darkness settle round thee—dismal, drear.
And all alone midst wrecking strands and shoals,
Thou Boatman, wilt not know which way to go,
Disheartened, thou wilt long to drift thy bark,
Ah heed thou then thy watchword—Onward Row!

For with thy oars, thy wisdom and thy will,
There is no storm that will not sometime end,
No sky so dark but what 'twill sometime clear,
If thou wilt row and with all things contend.
And when the angry storms and shoals are past,
Thy journey, Boatman, then is almost o'er,
Oh Drift not yet! But to the very last,
Row on! Till thou dost reach that Distant Shore.

—Alice Toft, '14.

MISS SHIRLEY WARD PROF. E. L. ZAHN MISS GERTRUDE PECKHAM
MR. D. W. LINDSAY MISS FRANCES WOLFENBARGER MR. M. W. FISHER



MISS LOIS PEERS

MR. E. L. BYRD

MOUNTAIN VIEW SCHOOLS

JUNE

EDITH LINCK.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence.

ALICE TOFT.

She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought.

LESLIE FRAZER.

His years but young, but his experience old.

HAROLD WRIGHT.

Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun.

LOLA BROWN.

For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

BEULAH KEAGY.

The rude sea grew civil at her song.

FANNIE RAZEK.

Her voice was ever
soft and low.

FLORENCE HOERNIG.

The mild expression
spoke a mind
In duty, composed, re-
signed.

MADELINE BROWN.

A rose bud set with
little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English
air could make her.

IVA ROGERS.

Hers was the subtlest
spell by far
Of all that sets young
hearts romancing.

ELDORA FREEMAN.

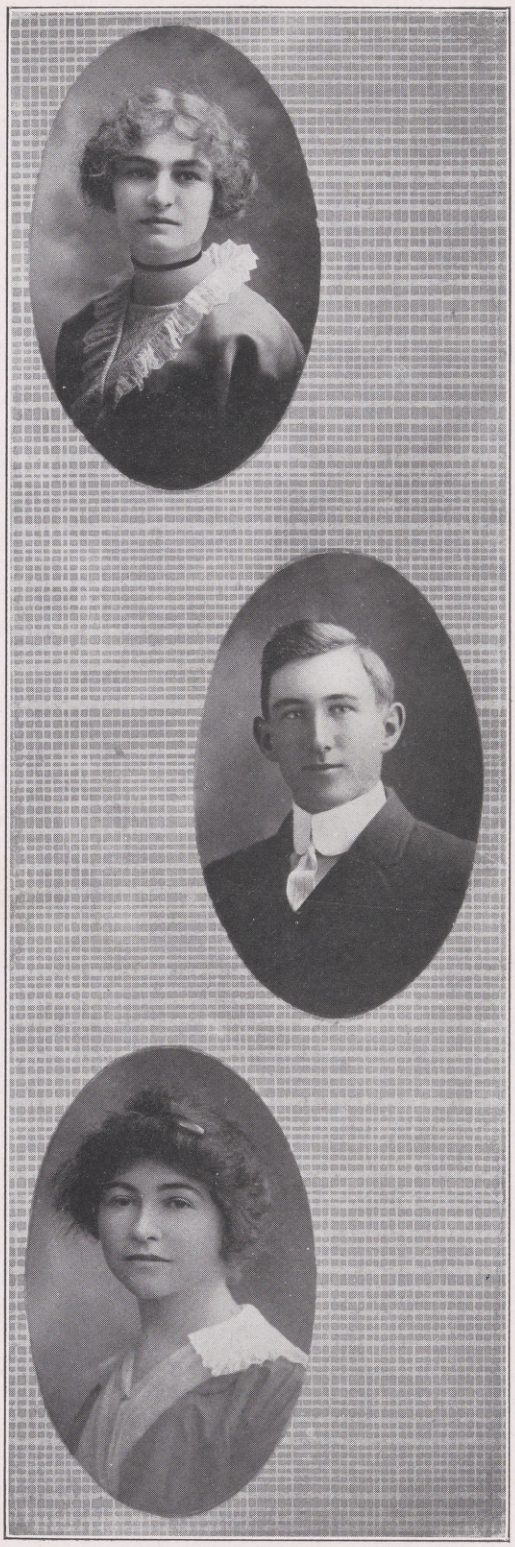
There was a soft and
pensive grace
A cast of thought
upon her face.

LEONA ARMSTRONG.

Her body was so
slight
It seemed she could
have floated in the
sky.

RUTH DRAKE.

Sweet promptings un-
to kindest deeds
Were in her very
looks.



GRACE McCONNELL.

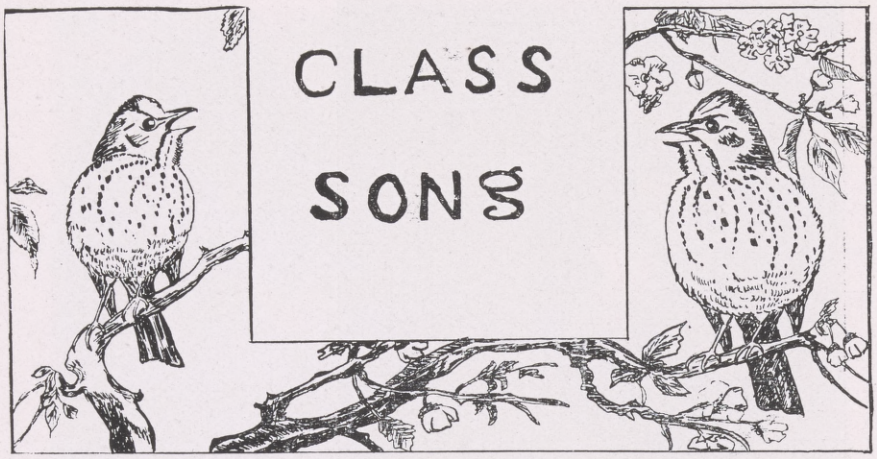
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you.

JAMES DERMODY.

You hear that boy laughing?
You think he's all fun.

ALICE HAGERTY.

Her smile was prodigal of summery shine
Gaily persistent.



(To be sung to Aloha Oe)

I.

GENTLY sways the Red and Green above,
To them we sing our songs of love
And to Alma Mater a farewell;
Of our hopes and trust in her we tell.

II.

Though we drift far from thy halls of learning,
In future thoughts to you returning,
We will bless thy teachers for their training,
Stronger characters in us sustaining.

III.

Come then, Classmen, let us all be proving,
Never their trust in us be rueing;
Teach the world the lessons they have taught us,
Sharing with them the glory they have brought us.

IV.

On the sea of life we now are going,
We'll ne're be drifting but be rowing;
Let the storm be high, we'll have no fear;
The safe harbor ahead is our career.

CHORUS.

Mountain View High, Mountain View High,
We part now but never shall forget thee;
For you, just you, our hearts beat ever true
In sorrow or in glee.

—Eldora Freeman, '14.

The Tale of the Troubled Travels of a Tree or Adventures of a Senior Palm

Founded on Fact.

A Drama in Three Acts.

Act. 1.

Time: Arbor Day.

Place: Behind the Scientific Biscuit Factory.

THE day was as bright as a Senior's dream and the beautiful palm was as green as a Freshman. The hole was dug, the palm was set, glad hands replaced the earth and packed it tight. Songs were sung, yells were yelled, and Seniors were seen—to be pleased with life. All was gay and bright.

Did I say all? But whence this shadow? A somber forboding of impending ill o'erspreads the throng. Note ye yon gloomy countenance. Mark ye yon curly locks and bristly mane, in secret powwow met.

Fair Senior Palm, I warn thee, fear the impotent wrath of vengeful jealousy. Thy glory shall be thy ruin; thy exultation thy undoing. In that dark council is thy doom defined. Yon buzzing heads of purest bone resolve thy fate. Beware!

(Curtain)

Act. 2.

Time: Twelve hours later.

Place: Same as Act 1.

The day is done, the night has come, and the dread hour of evil charm draws nigh. Pale moonlight floods the scene. The doomed tree shivers in the sighing breeze. All is hushed and still. But hark! A low cry trembles on the air. 'Tis answered. Benches and garbage cans catch up the call and spectral figures glide into view. They hold a minute's conference over the lonely palm. One stands out before the tree; he waves his hand for silence; he lifts a glittering tool; he strikes. A cloud obscures the moon and all is dark as a clink of metal greets the ear. A damp earthy smell as of the grave creeps in the nostrils. The sounds continue. A pause. Heavy breathing and straining muscles; a creaking wheel as of some goblin chariot; midnight strikes; the moon shines out; a whisk of wind and they are gone. A yawning pit is seen. Calabastic and inartistic signs and symbols are diplayed. But the Palm—is gone!

Weep ye, who loved it well, for who can say when you shall see it more. Bo-o H-o-o-o!

(Curtain)

Act. 3.

Time: Some days later.

Place: Same as Act 2.

The sun once more beams down. The clouds of war have cleared

and after three long days of weary wandering the Senior Palm has returned. It rests by the side of the hole it once so neatly filled. Is there no loving arm to lift it back? Ah, no.

But who are those who come with smiling faces, jesting gaily at our palm's plight? They are the valiant Underclassmen. He of the curly locks wields the pick, he of the bristly mane the shovel. In a trice the hole is cleared. With blithsome glee these sturdy sons of light undo the work of midnight visitants. And thus, from the travel worn, Our Palm once more returns to Mother Earth to rest.

Esto Perpetua! ! ! !

Finis.

—Lloyd Johnson, '16.

Senior Meditations

THE four short years have come and gone, to us
Like four short days without an hour to spare;
For every day to us seemed half its length,
So short the time since first we gathered here.
Each year is likened to a season bright,
In which we tilled and sowed and reaped until
Within our minds and hearts we placed the seed
We hoped to harvest soon in deed and word.
Then everything was new and fresh and bright
And, as a plant that first begins to grow
With feeble gropings upward toward the light,
We reached for wisdom's wealth of truth and joy.
When Freshmen young and green, as sprouting plants
In springtime lift their faces to the light
To drink the dew of heaven softly shed,
We eagerly did drink from learning's fount.
The second year a summer might be called,
With springtime flowers blooming out in full;
But some were blighted by temptation's storm,
While others failed and wilted by the way.
The third year came, an Autumn, in its turn,
'Twas time to harvest all that we had learned,
And care for future growth of blade and seed,
That we might wisdom gain for future need.
The fourth year, Winter, bleak comes in at last,
And working, waiting, dawns for us the end,
The springtime gone, the Autumn fields well gleaned
And garnered is our precious store with care.
Our lives have grown enriched we know not how,
From busy happy seasons of the past.
Before us lies a future, strange and vast,
We face it now with courage born of youth.

—Fannie Razek, '14.

Who's the Goat?

THE great trans-Atlantic liner **Washington** slipped away from her moorings in New York harbor, amidst a chorus of "good-byes", from the crowd on the pier and those on board the steamer. Handkerchief and hat farewells were exchanged until the signal became indistinct with the lengthening distance.

Among the passengers was a rather flashily dressed young man about twenty-five years of age. He sauntered about the upper deck with the air of an "Alexander the Great". In his right hand he swung a cane while he puffed spasmodically on a gold tipped cigarette. His cognomen was Lord Archibald De Ray, late of England, more recently of America, his ambition, to gain notoriety through a heroic act of any shape or form. For this he had journeyed to America, thinking America offered more opportunities for a hero. In this, however, America failed him, so now he was going back to his native sod.

The **Washington** was five days out and was now on the last leg of her journey. At last the liner dropped anchor below Liverpool and waited the arrival of the pilot. The passengers were strolling on the decks when quite suddenly the air was split with the screams of women. Every heart jumped to its owner's mouth and every step was halted as if by magic. Away some hundred feet was a horrifying scene. A small ship belched flames while its fear maddened passengers crowded the rails. The life boats of the flaming ship were lowered and all piled safely into them and rowed away. Just as the life boats were about a quarter of a mile distant a woman appeared on the half burnt deck. She gave a terrifying look at the departing life boats and then shrang back. Her hands tore her hair while she cowered hesitantly from the flames and the bulwark, over which it was a drop of thirty feet to the water. At last with one backward glance at the hungry flames, she mounted the rail and plunged feet foremost into the salty brine.

In the meantime a rowboat had approached the **Washington's** side and its sole occupant, a man, had megaphoned something to the captain, who was preparing to rescue the people of the burning ship. This something, the captain communicated to his passengers and the strain on them then broke, with the exception of De Ray, who paid not the least attention to the captain's announcement. They turned their gaze toward a raft on which was erected a huge sign. On the raft itself stood three men, one looked as if he were describing a circle on the side of a cracker box while the other two bawled orders of some sort.

Lord Archibald stood nervously against the rail, intensely watching the launching of the burning ship's passengers.

"At last, ba Jove, 'ere's my chance. I'll save the young woman from 'er watery grave," he muttered, just as the deserted woman climbed the bulwarks of the flaming ship and plunged over board. At this "psychological moment" De Ray flung off his coat and dived into the sea, sixty feet below.

Now De Ray was an expert swimmer, but that was the limit of his accomplishments. Straight he swam for the place where the woman had disappeared, while he could hear the voices of the pass-

engers on the **Washington** and the three occupants of the raft yelling something unintelligible at him. Of a sudden, an unforeseen thing happened. A man leapt from the burning ship, into the water, near where the woman was now afloat and spluttering for help. Lord Archibald saw the man as he hit the water and, not to be outdone for the honors at this stage of the scene, made an extra spurt; a fraction of a moment ahead of his rival he grasped the hair of the fast drowning woman. He started to swim with his burden toward the raft which was then the closest object to him, when of a sudden his head received the impact of a sudden jar. Looking back, he gazed into the maddened eyes of his rival, who had just delivered a "straight from the shoulder". His apparently exhausted "burden" suddenly "came to", and simultaneously both the rival and the rescued proceeded to maul the rescuer, treading water during the melee. This was certainly a funny turn in affairs for De Ray, who was sadly receiving the worst of affairs. At last, well nigh exhausted, he turned and swam. His assailants then pursued him, but his fear lent him wings and outdistance them he did. The raft was his goal, it being nearest him. On it now danced three crazy men, bawling something or other at him. At last he grasped the edge of the raft and pulled himself half upon it, more dead than alive. Immediately Lord Archibald De Ray was seized by the three maniacs and without any ceremony whatsoever, was spontaneously kicked back into the water, while one gave him this parting shot:

"Can't you read English, you blithering idiot," referring tc the sign erected overhead. "You've spoiled one of Pathe Freres two reel features."

—Jack G. North, '16.

Sunrise on the Mountain

A FEW red streaks across the eastern sky
And spreads o'er the east like some rich dye
Dispel the dim gray light of early dawn,
As if to bid the gods of night be gone.
The canyons dim in purple shadows sleep,
As though unmindful of the coming day;
While from the pine's dim shadows dark and deep
A tiny warbler sings his morning lay.
A silver haze o'er all the earth is spread,
And echoes wake that through the night were dead.

The dew-drops sparkle on the long green ferns;
The hillside seems a lake of glist'ning gems;
The golden poppy to the sun her chalice turns,
While hair-bells nod upon their slender stems.
The wild-rose sheds its dainty perfume 'round;
A gentle breeze steals through the scented grass;
The brook glides o'er the rocks with mur'mr'ing sound;
The busy bees hum softly as they pass,
Nature in all her beauty greets the sun,
The night is past and a new day's begun.

—Leona Armstrong, '14.

It Wasn't the Moon

T'WAS noon in Martinville. Across her dusty, uninviting main thoroughfare torrid heat waves wavered lazily. The hot, midsummer sun beat unmercifully down on the glaring, hot sidewalks. Save for a horse stamping nervously, switching her tail and flinching her flanks at the hordes of buzzing, insistent flies, the street was desolated. In the office of the Martinville News, assistant editor Samuel Martin scowled irritably over the work before him. He was hot, tired, hungry, and worst of all, nervous. The building offered little protection against the blazing sun. The air was stifling. By the front window a blow fly buzzed. That increased his nervousness. The impatient horse stamped her foot and jerked at her halter, causing the ring of the iron hitching post to jingle noisily. The assistant lost his temper.

"Why the devil don't the boss come back? He's been gone long enough for two dinners."

He threw down his pen and rose for a drink. The water was tepid, nauseating. He drew a cigar from his waistcoat and seated himself at his desk to resume his work. Again the fly buzzed; again the horse stamped. The assistant chewed furiously at his cigar with a muffled curse, then again scowled at his work with a counterfeited intenseness. The boss entered.

"Samuel, smoking is strictly forbidden during office hours, especially during my absence. People will think that you are wilfully disobedient. If you expect to succeed as an editor, you must learn to abide strictly by the rules of a superior."

Samuel Martin tossed the offending weed into a cuspidor, the scowl deepening. He hated "sermons" such as his uncle was continually giving.

"And furthermore, Samuel, a successful editor never is impatient or irritable. He must hold his temper no matter how humiliating or obnoxious his work or dealings with others may be."

"Just for fun," suggested the assistant, "listen to some of this from one of these manuscripts. This, by the way, is the sixth story from the same person since you started the monthly supplement. Here's the ending of the rottenest, mushiest "romance" I've seen:

"He looked deeply into Jasmine's soft, melting, blue eyes."

"Jasmine! Oh Jasmine!" sobbed Oliver, "my very soul will oxidize if you answer me wrongly. Jasmine, tell me, Jasmine, my own, tell me that you love me. Just say 'Yes.'"

"'And then upon the lovers rose the moonful and shining-silvery through the upper mists. And that self-same moon, which, for countless generations has faithfully governed the waters of earth, beamed kindly down upon them, and the same mysterious power which so bewitches earthly waters, bewitched the lovely maiden, for her soft answer was given in such tones as are known only by lovers. T'was a kindlier smile; a softer silver radiance that twinkled from the bewitcher's beaming face as he watched the two embrace.'"

The editor was furious. "Of all the rot I've ever heard that's

the rottenest and the mushiest. Who in thunder had the audacity to ship us that?''

The assistant grinned triumphantly at his uncle. ''A successful editor is never irritable. He must hold his temper no matter how humil—''

''Who's that from?'' demanded the editor, fairly choking with rage. ''Of all the—''

''From a Miss Jane Hooper, Portland, Oregon.''

''What!''

'From a Miss Jane Hooper, Port—''

''Well, I'll be switched.''

''Why?''

''No. I won't be switched. I'll be worse than switched. Jane Hooper is my first cousin.''

''Oh, then,'' said the assistant with sarcasm, ''I suppose then we'll have to print it because of the endearing ties of relationship.''

''The endearing ties of relationship be **hanged.** We can't accept such rot. It would be idiotic.''

''Send 'em back?''

''And yet—and Samuel—oh hang it all, I suppose we'll have to print 'em. Her dad is backing—well—you understand—the new presses—we are a trifle in debt. But dog gone it, we're in debt to **him,** Old Silas Hooper.''

''Then—then we'll have to accept **this** and **pay** her for it!''

''Huh! We're up against it,'' growled the editor, jabbing his hands in his trouser pockets. ''Sam, think. For the first time in your life **think.** To print that rot is ruination and yet—shipping 'em back is worse. Couldn't we kidanp her? Couldn't we kill the inspiration of her ingeniousness''?

''We could **encourage** her ingeniousness.''

''What!''

''Encourage her. Tell her she lacks training—experience—anything. Tell her she needs to learn of other spheres than her own—that she must travel. We could send her on a trip an' while she's gone we could **think.** We could at least postpone the misery 'till the next monthly supplement.''

''By George, Sam, I've got it. We'll send her on that ocean trip your friend, the artist, is making.''

'Is Jane—er—Miss Hopper unmarried?''

''Yes, and likely to be for some time. She's past twenty-five.''

The assistant grinned. ''Art'll fall for her. He's a genius. Genei are boobs. And you know all that rot about 'fowl of a feather' or something of the sort.''

By Jove, Sam, you **are** thinking. We'll send Jane an' her sister Genevieve for company, on the same trip with your friend, and we'll tag along to promote affairs an'—well, incidentally, we'll make 'em learn.'' The editor grinned. ''We'll make 'em learn that the 'silver radiance' don't figure in love—that it ain't the moon.''

The editor wrote:

Dear Cousin Jane:

We have received yours of the 14th and are delighted to note a remarkable improvement over your first writings. Speaking frankly, cousin, we are pleased to state that your work shows signs

of genius. However, we expect far better and more polished stories from you in the near future and, to hasten the improvement, we enclose a ticket and a check which will cover expenses for an extended ocean trip, which we are certain will greatly broaden your now excellent knowledge of fiction.

We remain yours ever—both in business and in friendship,

The Editors.

P. S. We hope your next works will be romantic, the underlying theme being "love". T. E.

'Twas dusk upon the waters. Cape Blanco's light house had just begun to twinkle, bidding farewell to the southbound vessel. All about the decks lounged the passengers on this sultry evening, an evening early in fall. Lovers strolled casually along with sentimental gazes directed toward each other. Silent, comfortable looking gentlemen puffed contentedly at their pipes. An aged, grey-haired couple, smiles in placid silence. Yet among this peacefulness and quietude two men, one with temples touched with gray, the other young and business-like, talked in earnest tones, unappreciative of the beauty of the scene.

"We'll introduce your friend Arthur to Jane," suggested the elder, "and we'll see to it that Genevieve is so entertained that she won't hinder the development of their acquaintance."

The younger gentleman assented with a nod. "But first we must get Arthur in a corner and have a serious talk with him. Tell him of—"

"Oh, yes, I understand," interrupted the elder. "Here he comes now. Leave the talking to me."

A third party approached. He was of medium height, noticeably broad. His first characteristic which would command the attention of the casual observer was the dreamy, far-away expression of his eyes and the sad drooping of his mouth. Yet his step was decisive, his walk athletic.

"Do you know," said he, "there is nothing like an ocean trip to stimulate one's artistic sentiments. I have already at least a dozen ideas for both pictures and political cartoons."

'I certainly agree with you, Art," assented the younger man.

"What do you think, Mr. Martin?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Arthur, I don't go much on this 'artistic sentiment' business, although I do thoroughly believe that an ocean trip is exceedingly helpful to an artist and even more so to a person interested in literature. In fact I happen to know of a young lady accompanied by her sister who is making this trip in order that she may thoroughly fit herself for the world of fiction. I should like you to meet the ladies. They are personal friends of mine."

"Nix on that acquaintance business. I want solitude. I've a purpose in mind and have no intention of wasting my time making lady acquaintances."

'You'll like 'em Art," assured the editor. "Ask Samuel."

"I don't think much of Sam's judgments on such matters. Sam'll fall for anything cute in petticoats."

"They 'ere both smart girls," said the assistant.

"None of that butterfly life for me. I've got a purpose and I can carry it out only in solitude."

"Now you look here," demanded the editor, impatiently. "You're intending to make cartooning your career, aren't you?"

"Certainly. And I'm to be thorough; no haphazardness. A cartoonist must be good."

"Ah, that's exactly the point. What would you think of a carpenter who spent the best part of the day in drawing plans when he couldn't skillfully use his tools?"

"I'd say he was an idiot."

"Exactly. And that's exactly the impression you've made upon me. Here you are planning a career before you know the first lessons in **Life.** You've an excellent education but no experience, not the least sense of ordinary judgment."

"Your meaning is vague, Sir."

"Well, I can't make it any plainer unless you say that you don't really know **Life** as it is. Your mind is narrow. You've thought of nothing but what concerned your personally. What you need is to broaden your knowledge, to know a little of everything. Your drawings show your lack of knowledge of human nature. They're mechanical, they do not reflect the work of one who puts his soul into it; they even advertise your lack of understanding."

"What you need is a knowledge of human nature. You should know people, people in every walk of life; get their ideas, their views; know their desires, pleasures, emotions; make acquaintances and, above all, cultivate that "self-magnetism" which captivates the friendship of those who know life as it is, who've felt its knocks and acquired their knowledge through bitter or sweet experience."

Learn of the world and in so doing learn of its people,—the farmer, doctor, drummer, pugilist, school teacher; learn their views. Be a good listener and they'll reveal their inner selves to you. To and they'll love you. Encourage them to talk—listen to their tales of woe—you're the gainer."

"I always did make acquaintances easily," protested the artist.

"Certainly at college. But look at this stout Dutchman puffing and panting along. How would you start a conversation with him?"

"Why I—I wouldn't want to talk with him; but if necessary I should speak of—of the weather and—eventually offer him a cigar."

"Ah! I knew it. You don't understand people. Whoever heard of a Dutchman smoking anything but a pipe. Now here is an excellent chance to begin. Start a conversation with any one who is different from you. You'll never be a popular cartoonist unless you do."

"I was quite popular at college."

"Yes—where every one knew you personally."

"You were an athlete," reminded the assistant. "Athletes are always popular."

"And what respect do you expect to gain from the world at large just because you are athletic?" demanded the editor.

"Do you think mere endurance in a mile race will gain popularity? Why, man, a jackass has endurance. Is a jackass to be respected? No—but his heels are, not his personality."

"By Jove, Martin, I believe you are right."

"I know I'm right. Begin now. It's half a man's education

I can start you in by introducing you to the ladies whom I mentioned. They are probably in the ball room; the music has begun. Now, then, a few pointers. Flattery, in a good many instances, is an excellent help. To demonstrate I'll instruct you and Sam what to do. Now Sam is quite handy as a talker, so I'll have him break the ice. The elder girl is the one with whom you should talk; she is an authoress—in a different line from you. She doesn't dance, yet she would blush with pleasure if she were asked. Sam, you ask her to dance after you introduce Arthur, just to show what flattery will do. Understand?''

''We understand,'' and the trio left for the ball room.

The editor looked interestedly on as the two younger men proceeded toward the ladies.

''Gee! The younger one is a peach,'' exclaimed the artist in an undertone. ''Why in the dickens doesn't she write?''

''Never mind the looks, mind the intellect.''

''Ah! Good evening, Ladies.''

''Good evening, Mr. Martin,'' they smiled.

''I should like to acquaint you with a college friend, Mr. Arthur Collins. Collins, Misses Jane and Genevieve Hooper.''

The usual light just-after-acquaintance-remarks followed, such as concerning the weather, trip, and the delightfulness of—etc. The assistant glanced concernedly at his companion, who was making poor progress with conversation with Miss Jane. ''Miss Jane,'' said he imploringly, ''may I enjoy one of the profoundest of pleasures—that of dancing with you?''

To his unspeakable embarrassment and amazement she nodded delightedly, rose and began tapping her foot in time with the rhythmic music. She took his arm and assurance that he felt faint and dizzy in spite of his healthy robust youth.

Filled with anger, disgust, and embarrassment he took her, as soon as he could courteously do so, to her seat. To his further humiliation his friend and Miss Genevieve had gone to the deck.

An hour later, filled with remorse, he left her and went to his state room, which he and his uncle had shared together.

''I thot you said Miss Jane didn't dance,'' he accused his uncle.

''She didn't, when I saw her last. ''Then sarcastically, ''but Geniis learn quickly.''

'Twas early the following morning that the worried artist confronted the assistant editor.

''I thought your uncle said Miss Jane didn't dance?''

''She didn't, but Geniis learn quickly. I thought you didn't dance. I've heard you say it was a waste of time.''

''I learned exceptionally quickly. By Jove! old man, maybe—maybe I'm a—''

''Collins, you're an ass, a perfect ass. I wanted you to talk with Miss Jane.''

''But you said she was an authoress. That's too nearly like me because I, too, am interested in literature. I was following your uncle's advice and acquainting myself with the views—''

"Shucks."

"He said that I lacked that personal magnet—"

"You lack ordinary grey matter."

"Besides, Miss Genevieve is duced pretty and Miss Jane, why she's getting old—she's wrinkled about the mouth."

"They're wrinkles of mirth."

"And she has dark eyes—sure sign of barbarism."

"They twinkle."

"And her lip—too red to be natural."

"They're duced kissable. Besides you might have shown her courtesy by not leaving as you did."

"Miss Genevieve suggested it. She wanted to watch the moon rise. It was full last night and looked like a silver dollar. Say, do you know, old man, I've always considered myself fairly sensible over women, but now—I'm fairly insane and feel as romantic as a lovesick school boy. I've often heard that the ocean and romantic circumstances—say I wonder—I wonder if it could have been that silvery moon!"

"O darn," growled the assistant.

For three successive evenings Samuel Martin, assistant editor for the Martinville News, alternately cursed his friend of artistic temperament and danced with Miss Jane Hooper. On the fourth evening he was indifferent; on the fifth, interested. He was now impatiently awaiting the arrival of the sixth. From the ship's librarian he had purchased a book containing advice to young novelists, through which he rummaged, cramming his restless memory with knowledge which he thought might be useful in his talks with the authoress. So far during the voyage she had not mentioned the subject of literature. He hoped she would never mention it, yet he was determined to prepare himself for the worst.

He was to meet her at eight. The hands of his watch marked seven-thirty. He scowled irritably as the little minute hand ticked off, with slow hesitating ticks, the dragging seconds. He again brushed his neatly parted hair, hitched his tie, arranged his scarf pin, and during his anxious waiting, utterly forgot to curse Collins.

"Engagement, Samuel?" asked the editor.

"Yes, for the entire evening."

"I asked Arthur in for a game of pinochle but he, too, has an engagement. I suppose things are running smoothly."

"Perfectly."

"I suppose he is teaching her to draw."

"Yes. Arthur says she learns quickly."

The editor grinned. "Birds of a feather, y'know. I said she was a genius."

"You said Miss Jane was, not Miss Genevieve."

"I'm speaking of Jane."

"But he's not teaching Miss Jane. Miss Genevieve's his pupil."

"What!"

"He's teaching Miss Genevieve. They're up on the deck drawing the moon and clouds."

"O the idiot, the blundering hypocrite! What's got into him? And you, you infernal parasite, whom are **you** to meet?"

"The young assistant placidly brushed his immaculately parted hair. "Miss Jane," he answered.

"What! Miss Jane!" cried the enraged eidtor. "Well, what in the devil's wrong with you?"

"I donno. Something's influenced me, an' I don't know what it can be unless it's—the moon."

And through the small room echoed the cursings of the editor, but his assistant had gone.

At eight-thirty he and Miss Jane left the ball room for the cool refreshing air of the deck.

"Do you know, Mr. Martin, that I've been dreadfully wicked?"

He looked at her upturned face, flushed rosily from the dance.

"Wicked."

"Yes. And I've a confession to make if you'll promise to make one to me. Will you?"

"Go ahead. Confess, Miss Jane. Ladies first, you know."

"It's essential that you confess first. Will you promise?"

"I promise. What awful sins must I confess?"

"Tell me whether it was actually worth your time looking over those stories."

Martin stammered. She interrupted, "and whether it is worth while encouraging the writer? Answer 'yes' or No!"

"But, Miss Jane, your stories—"

"Answer directly 'yes' or 'no'."

"Well, no, but—"

"That is sufficient. Now one more question before I make **my** confession. Now that you know me, do you think me capable of writing such foolishness?"

"No," answered Martin, decidedly.

"Well—I didn't write them."

"What!"

Her eyes began to twinkle. "Genevieve's guilty."

"Thank God."

Mingled with the crisp ocean breezes was a tantalizing sweetness, not of perfume—but something which she radiated—something which drew him nearer. Unconsciously his hand sought hers.

"And Jane, when you received the letter, what did you think when you were instructed to write of love—romance?"

"Oh I was mean, jealous to think that Genevieve would use my name and then receive such a reward. I was just as hateful as I could be, and yet she was innocent. She didn't know it was wrong to use another's name."

"But the letter—didn't you, until now, think that it sounded er—improbable?"

"I didn't think a thing about it until—"

"Until—"

"Until I met you. Then I thought—"

"Jane, you thought—"

"Why, when Genevieve was writing of love—why," she blushed, "I just thought—"

"Jane!"

"Don't, Samuel. Not so close, people—people are looking."

"But, Jane, if—if we were alone—"

She backed away from him, half frightened, her cheeks flushed, yet her eyes twinkling.

"Oh I **must** run an' tell Genevieve—something I've learned—of a mistake she made in her last story."

"Tell **me**, Jane. Possibly I can show you more mistakes."

"But you've taught me **this.** See," she pointed the eastern horizon, silvery with the rising moon. "I didn't know it was there—'till now and I know it isn't the moon that makes me feel—"

"Jane!" but she had fled.

'Twas noon in Martinville. Across her dusty, uninviting main thoroughfare torrid heat waves wavered lazily. Save for a horse seamping nervously, switching her tail and flinching her flanks at editor Samuel Martin produced a letter from the pocket and tore the insistent flies that pestered her with tantalizing buzzing, the street was desolated. In the office of the **Martinville News,** assistant it open hungrily, forgetting the oppressiveness of the heat in his eagerness. He heard the boss enter.

"Wonder why the deveil he don't take time to eat," growled the assistant.

The editor glanced furlously over his nephew's shoulder. "That's Jane's handwriting. I suppose it's another one of those d——d manuscripts."

"No, Uncle, it's a letter."

"Then I suppose it explains this letter addressed, 'The Editors of Martinville News.' "

"I don't see any reference to it."

"The bloomin' idiot that wrote this should have his head broken. 'The **Editors',** Oh the fool! As if I'd take my **hopeful** nephew into partnership. Hello, it's from old Silas Hooper! Well I'll be switched! No, I'll be worse than switched! Here's the mortgage he's held against me for the last ten years and congratulations—to my nephew. Hear that Sam?"

But the assistant was busy reading.

"Huh! So it's a **letter** from Jane."

The embarrassed assistant lighted a cigar.

"Samuel, I forbid you smoking that cigar." His eyes drifted to the mortgage. "However, Samuel, you may try one of **these.** They're Havanas. Hello, here's a letter from Genevieve. Doesn't look as if she had much to say."

Brief but sweet it was:

Dear Uncle Jake:

Jane said you tried to teach me something, but you didn.t. Arthur taught me. It **wasn't the moon at all.**

G. C.

—Thomas Kleckner, '15.

The Wanderer and the Song

HE came from the depths of night's darkness, forlorn,
This Wanderer awesome and lonely and lorn,
Whose face boded evil as now and again,
He paused to vow vengeance on his fellow-men.
As he paused in the greyness, he viewed to his right,
A structure whose outlines were lost in the night.
Majestic before him a chapel did loom,
While scattered profusely and breaking the gloom,
Long windows beheld with light shining through,
All crimson and golden and darkest of blue.
The Wanderer paused, then turned to pass on,
When deep in the chapel, he heard soft and long,
So mystic and quiet as if 'twere a dream,
The opening chord of the organist's theme.
The notes followed slowly, each dreamy and soft,
Sustained till faint echoes returned from aloft.
And then from the depths of the chapel anon,
The sounds of the organ were blended with song.
Though rising or falling, it seemed that each note,
In cadences outward on air waves did float.
The Chorister's voice and the Choir's refrain,
The tones of the organ, the depths of its strain,
In harmony mingled melodiously rare,
As in rhythm it fell on the still wintry air.
As the prelude was ended, the last tones were still;
The Wanderer turned from his place by the sill;
His face was transformed and no longer it bore,
The look of fierce hatred it recently wore.
The love of all Beauty that dormant had lain,
'Neath evil and crime had awakened again.
And though it lay hidden, neglected so long,
'Twas stirred and aroused by the Beauty of Song.

—Alice Toft, '14.

A Maid by Proxy

"WELL, girls, draw up your chairs and while the water boils for tea I'll tell you all about my latest escapade. No, Sally, I didn't go to the seashore and fall in. It was far more exciting than that. I'll just tell the maid not to wait any longer. I give her every afternoon off now, since my latest adventure. I feel so sorry for any servant. There, everything is ready now and I can begin."

"Well, about three weeks ago Anne Remmington dropped into tea, and, as usual, the Draper twins were with her. We all got to talking about servants (I have a new maid and she is a dream), and the girls laughed at me because I did'nt think they had to work so very hard and couldn't see why they were always so grouchy. Finally, Anne said she would wager me a dozen pairs of gloves that I couldn't keep a position as parlor maid for two weeks. Of course, I had to take it. She was to provide the place and I was to hold it for two weeks. That's the way it started."

"The next day Anne came along with a bunch of references to a friend in New York, and, as I had planned a little trip to Philadelphia and since I knew mother would never know where I really was, I just packed a suit-case of borrowed things and set off. It was too funny! How I looked! My hat belonged to Katie, the parlor maid, and I borrowed Janet Draper's slumming suit. It didn't fit very well; but, of course, that didn't make any difference for a servant generally doesn't wear a tailored suit. At any rate I reached New York. It was about three in the afternoon and I thought I'd better go to Mrs. Marden's right away. She was in, so I was ushered into the library and sent my references up to her. I had scarcely time to turn around before she came in. I never expected her to look the way she did. Really, girls, she was quite young and had on the dearest dress! I want one like it, it was grey wool crepe and was trimmed—All right, Madge, I'll go on with the story."

"Well, she asked me all sorts of questions as to why I left my last place—as if I ever had one—and why I came to New York and things of that sort. At last she said that she guessed she would try me, since Anne had sent such fine references. She's an old friend of Anne's."

"When I came down again she was all excited. She had had a letter from Mr. Marsden telling her that a friend of his would come in on the afternoon train, and that she would have to entertain him overnight. He, himself, couldn't come home until the next day. This friend was a college professor and had all sorts of dreadful degrees and such things.

"She simply had to go to a tea and left me in charge, after telephoning to her sister to come to the house. As she went out she turned and said to me: 'If an agent should come here this afternoon tell him to come again next week. I simply can't be bothered with him today and Mr. Marsden will be here then.'"

"Then she left and I sorted magazines for a while; but I must

have dozed off in my arm-chair. Anyhow, suddenly I heard the door-bell ring and I jumped up in a hurry. There stood a man. Of course, I thought he was the man Mr. Marsden had sent, so I invited him in as nicely as I could and gave all of Mrs. Marsden's excuses. He seemed astonished and tried to stop me once or twice to tell me he wasn't expected, but I insisted, so he followed me in, meekly enough, and I deposited him bag and baggage in the best bedroom, as nice as you please. Well, I had hardly reached the library until that bell rang again and I hustled to the door again. Naturally, I thought this man was the agent, so I said as crisply as possible, for I wanted to get rid of him:''

''How do you do? Mrs. Marsden left word that you were to come again next week.''

''Then he said: 'But—er—Mrs. Marsden is expecting me.' ''

''I replied more cooly than before, 'Mrs. Marsden is not at home and she left word for you to call again.''

''He really did not know what to think and hesitated as he said: 'Mrs. Marsden asked me to come today and—' ''

''But I interrupted him again, 'I tell you Mrs. Marsden can't be bothered with you today, so you might as well go.' ''

''That struck him funnier than ever and he said: 'But surely there is some mistake. You can't mean that—' ''

''Just then Mrs. Marden's sister came along in time to rescue us and what do you think? That agent was Dr. Cathers, the professor! Well, here I had already put one man in the guest room as the guest so I didn't know what to do. I yelled, 'Burglars', and started up the stairs, colliding with the other man coming down.

''He cried, 'Jean!' and she 'Bob!' and they embraced.''

''I had made the most terrible mistake ever! Here the first man was Mrs. Marsden's brother, who had come unexpectedly, and the last was the guest. Well I just naturally sat down on the steps and wept. Of course, Mr. Woodsby, that's the brother, got Jean to say she wouldn't tell Mrs. Marsden about it and so the first day ended. But I knew right away there was something awfully familiar about that brother, yet I just couldn't tell where it came in. He seemed to feel the same. At any rate he kept staring at me the whole time. (Of course, my cap was really very becoming).''

''One day when I was dusting the library, in he came and began talking. He happened to mention Anne and of course I started. Then I knew at once he was the man Anne had so often mentioned to me. Well, that in itself was enough but what he said was that Anne and her cousin, Harriet Willoughby, were coming to visit Mrs. Marsden. I almost screamed and I am sure he guessed then and there who I was. At any rate, I saw the whole matter clearly then. It was all a put up job, I saw through the whole scheme,—just how Anne had figured out the whole matter and how I would lose my position and, worst of all, those lovely gloves. I could have cried, I was so angry. But that wouldn't help matters, so instead I glared at poor Bob—that is—I mean Mr. Woodsby—and turned my back. Well, I had hardly time to think before a big auto came up and unloaded Anne and her old maid cousin before the door. Of course, there was great excitement and I tried to look innocent, but it was too much when Anne whispered: ''Hello, Marion, still on the job?''

"I did manage to pinch her in the turboil, but it didn't do much good. Every chance she got she said something crazy so that only I could hear it and Mrs. Marsden would glare when I giggled. As if I could help it!

"But the funniest thing was Miss Willoughby! My dear, she just searched every corner to find something to 'crab' about. The second day she found a feather duster I had accidently left behind the books in the book-case and reported it to Mrs. Marsden. Of course, she was furious at me, for Miss Willoughby is a dreadful gossip. And the way she ran after Professor Cathers! Anyone could see that he was just crazy about Jean Woodsby, who is a dear, but Miss Willoughby thought she herself, was very attractive and tried to read suffrage articles to him by the hours. Bob—that is—Mr. Woodsby—and I tried to help him out as much as possible, but she was a fright and no mistake."

"Yes, Sally, I'm coming to the climax soon."

"You see I hadn't had a chance to be alone with Anne yet, but my chance finally came the third evening after dinner. I heard them all say that they were going to the theatre and would leave immediately. Naturally, I thought I would be alone that evening. So I slipped into the only evening dress I had along and made myself cozy in the library, relying on the hope that no one would come in. As luck would have it who should wander in but Anne! Of course, I couldn't resist telling her what I thought of her then and there for playing such a trick on me. Just as I was telling Anne that she was a mean little cat and that I hated her, in walked Mrs. Marsden! Scandalized was no word for the way she felt."

"That little cat, Miss Willoughby, noticed my dress and began to yell, 'Burglars'."

"Of course, Mrs. Marsden thought it was her dress and began crying—'Get the police! Oh, my jewels!' "

"You never saw such a turmoil in all your life. And that horrid little Anne was laughing so she simply couldnt' 'fess' up. And there was poor I, not knowing how to explain or what to do. Finally Bob came in and said there must be some mistake and took my part gallantly. That sobered Anne and she explained. Well, they were awfully nice about it and Jean said she knew I must be nice because I made such a 'bum' parlor maid. And then we all went to the theatre."

"Yes, Sal, that's all, just now; of course, I might add that Jean and Bob are coming to Boston tomorrow and you never can tell what may develop."

—Florence Hornig, '14.

The Dirge of the Sea

BY the side of the surging sea,
The limitless, great salt sea,
I walk upon the wave-washed strand,
Where breakers roll upon the sand,
I like to hear and understand
The surge and the dirge of the sea.

By the side of the surging sea,
The gray old, gray cold sea;
The wey spray dashes o'er my feet,
The waves against the sharp rocks beat,
And the same old tale the waves repeat,
To the swell and knell of the sea.

By the side of the surging sea,
The ever listless sea,
I go along the sounding shore,
I hear the e'er unceasing roar
Of the tossing billows evermore,
In the moan and the groan of the sea.

—Llewellyn A. Wilcox, '17.

The Pool

I HAD tramped long and wearily through the drowsy wealth of a sultry summer day. The sun marked its highest noon, and I sought rest. The green glen below me promised repose, but when I came suddenly upon the pool, its beauty startled me. The rich foliage, the sunny brown hills, the rampant mountains seemed only the rough adamant made to contain this gem of Nature, and the marvel grew when one realized that this lucid jewel was naught but water, divinely placed, and virgin pure. The great trees of the hillside spread their giant arms over its sparkling bosom as though fearful that the jealous gods might snatch their treasure from them. From the head of the glen came a gentle liquid tinkle like the clear chimes of a fairy chapel. The inlet, though hidden in the spicy cresses and grasses that drooped restfully at the water's edge, was marked by great rose and violet bubbles that drifted into view on the widening circles of the fall. Through the clear water near the bank, the golden sands and pearl-white pebbles gleamed between the curling ferns and grasses, but toward the center of the pool these were lost in a mystery of uncertain shapes and softly swaying shadows and rich blendings of ever changing hues of nameless mystic colors. One almost expected some snowy-limbed, starry-eyed water sprite to rise in mists of mantling blues, shake her sunny hair, and in the rippling accents of the brook, invite the weary hunter down to cool elfin bowers of love, where fairy delights would soothe away earth's cumbrous cares.

—Lloyd Johnson, '16.

The Discovery of Mopa

TWELVE days of baked helplessness under a blistered tent-cloth that hissed when splashed with dripping sweat; twelve twilights and morns of hasty, voiceless bustle; twelve nights of hurry through the great waste of blank, scarless desert sand. Tonight, the night of fulfillment, a dim scarf of mist merged sand and sky into one. The absence of a horizon conjured the delusion of an absolute sameness throughout all creation. The high, brassy moon stood motionless at the zenith, and a solitary star kept her company. Even the stolid blacks were oppressed, and no longer croned their monotonous marching chant. I caught myself listening; straining to catch the sound of something—anything, I knew not what.

Mark's horse came even with mine. "The Arab said 'Thirteen nights journey from Jovan toward the evening star.' We are there, but where is the lost city of Mopa?"

"There, Sahib." Mahout Harem drew his sword and pointed straight before. Barely visible through the dissolving mist, yet not on the horizon, a slender spire pierced the sand. We three spurred on at a gallop.

We had realized our dreams. We had found the origin of the legend of the wicked Raja or Mopa, but like many another, realization was failure. We searched for the lost city; we found a spire. The base was of sand scoured marble, round and perhaps twenty feet through. At about the height of a man's head the cap flared out in a sphere and tapered up to a slender needle-like point about fifty feet above the desert floor. The ball and spire glistened warmly in the moonlight. I reached up and pried off a tile. It was crusted with gold.

"This is wonderful," said Mark, "but I search for the ruins of Mopa, and fail."

"Not so, Sahib. You find Mopa preserved to you by the grace of Allah. It lies beneath you, buried in the sands. There, and there, and there," indicating with waves of his glittering blade, smaller widely separated spires and turrets that resolved themselves from the lifting fog, "are the tops of the principal buildings." This is the dome of the city mosque. The avenging wrath of Allah hath buried the riches of the Raja beneath the desert sands. They are ours for the taking."

—Lloyd Johnson, '16.

The Golden Key

From Doctor R. R. Redwig, Malin Moor, Donegal County, Ireland. To the London Society of Psychic Research, 1110 Fountain Way, London, England.

Dear Sirs:

Your most generous comments on my last report at hand, and it is with many misgivings I submit the following. Unlike my treatis on diving rods, I offer no explanations, but simply state the facts as they appear to me.

Last night was very cold and foul, the wind and sea giving promise of such a storm as has not blown since I have been here. I was writing rather late in my office, about ten I should judge, when quite suddenly I heard my wicket burst open and slam against the fence. I took a lamp and held it to the window, but could see nothing. The clouds had not yet condensed into that heavy pall from which comes our driving rains, but the moon was dimmed, and at times entirely eclipsed by the hurrying silver-edged masses that blew in from the sea. I concluded the disturbance was the work of the wind, and was about to return to my work when the moon, emerging suddenly, revealed a man, muffled in wraps, struggling up my path. As he gained the steps I recognized by his bristling hair flaming plaid muffler, my friend Father Jerrard, parish priest to some dozen miles of the craggiest, most poverty-stricken bit of sea coast in Ireland.

Father Jerrard is young, calm and self-possessed. I have often remarked his poise and admired him for it, but tonight his shaking hands uncovered a face, strangely agitated. His large-pored skin was all goose-fleshed with the cold, and for some minutes he could only puff and wheeze.

"It's a sick woman," he said, by way of explanation when he caught his breath, "the old woman in the hulk on the cliff." I confess I started.

Dark and dire were the whispers of the woman in the hulk. She lives in the hold of a stranded vessel that had been wrecked, none knew how or when, on the moor cliff. She was reputed to be a witch. It was said that no matter how foul the wind or tide, her blessing could save any smack in the Irish Sea.

I objected to going, pleading every excuse, but my friend's excitement and earnestness persuaded me, and we prepared to leave. I was just about to turn out the light when he cleared his throat and asked if it were possible that I had any saints' relics. Saints' relics! And he knew that I was not even a Catholic. I must have shown my surprise, for he looked abashed.

"It's nothing," he mumbled, "only there's something holy in this wind that a powerful saint might overcome." I said nothing but put out light, tightened my wraps (for it was bitter cold), and so we set out.

We first essayed to go by the direct route across the moor, but th blasts were so strong that we were in danger of separation, and the flying sand made this real peril. We were forced to turn to

the longer, but more sheltered cliff road. Here, by dint of shouting, I gathered that my patient was feverish, delirious, and was at present under the care of Fisherman Michel's wife. Completely exhausted with the energy expended in obtaining this information, I bent myself to the task of making more perceptable progress against the gale.

There was, indeed, something "unholy in the wind." Now we were hustled unceremoniously forward, now a howling fiend sought to draw us back. The thickening black clouds rolled themselves up into great threatening Titans, and brooded darkly over the scene.

We followed the road straight to the foot of the cliff. We now had no shelter from the tearing wind. The moon cleared its face and we saw the hulk as it loomed on the crest above us. The white path trailing irregularly up from the sea gave the black mass the appearance of some great antediluvian monster spreading a slimy trail over the stormy moor. The effect was heightened by the regularly arranged windows, from behind whose shutters cozed a sickly light, like phosphorescence bread in the reeking rot of some vile bog.

We trugged up the slope and entered quickly without knocking. As I shut the door the first raindrops struck spitefully at us. The only visible part of the interior was lit by one small sooty lamp. The black walls here were fairly tight, but through the other half of the hold the wind whistled merrily. In the dim circle of the lamp could be seen just three articles of furniture, namely: a black bed, very large, and carved fantastically at head and foot; a chest of drawers, also black, and supporting several slender Oriental flasks; and last, a most extraordinary clock. This clock was at the foot of the bed. It, too, was black and so tall that as it stood on the floor I could just reach the brazen face. Long glass doors inclosed its slow swinging pendulum and heavy cylindrical weights. As I looked at it one of the weights started to descend; the clock hummed gravely, and sounded one solemn stroke. By its brass dial it was just half past ten. In lieu of table and chairs, miscellaneous kegs and crates had been pressed into service. There was no fire and no provision for fire, so I retained my coat and ear muffs and made out as best I could.

I asked the neighbor woman a few questions, but she was so bemuddled with fear and cold that she could tell next to nothing. I appealed to the priest.

"About nine this evening my shack door blow in and when I went to close it the witch was standing there in the wind. I called to her. I heard something like 'Help! I'm dying', and she was gone in the storm. It bothered me so I came over here. She was in bed and sick, so I came away for you, and on my way over, sent Michel's wife in to watch."

I became aware of a movement in the bed, and a pair of bright black eyes like shiny shoe buttons was fixed on my face. I walked over and proceeded to examine the patient. During this time, that calculating, unblinking stare followed my every action. Then I made my first discovery! The priest claimed to have seen her in the storm a good two miles from home not two hours ago, yet it was physically impossible for a woman in her condition to so much as

cross the floor. I knew further that she would not outlive the night.

Her yellow bloodless hands crushed the covers in a convulsed grip, and she shivered beneath a very billow of linen and wool, yet her head and face were scorched with consuming fever. In appearance she reminded one of the mummy of some great brainy genius that had in ages past swayed mighty Egypt. The forehead and back head bulged almost to the point of deformity. A few thin wisps of greenish white hair were brought up from over the ears and neck and twisted into a tight knot on the top of her scalp. The diminutive nose and chin bent toward each other in an effort to hide the tiny gasping, fishlike mouth; and sick as she was, the red-lidded black eyes, gleaming in their deep set sockets as though with a light of their own, bespoke an inner fount of strength and power that only death itself could quench. I thought of the unfailing blessing of the fisher boats, and began to understand. I wished I might help her, but nothing could be done. She must die. The priest was used to this and could do more than I. There was really no reason why I should stay. Suddenly her face wrinkled oddly, her eyes glistened and narrowed, her mouth gaped, disclosing three jagged blackened teeth. She gave me a fierce smile.

"You can't go," she said. "I won't let you." A cold chill gripped me. I had not spoken, yet I was answered. And the voice —I cannot say what it was, but if the great somber clock had spoken it would have used that same grating, rusty, measured tone.

"Hear them fight," she said hoarsely. The hulk trembled with the violence of the wind. Distant thunder growled sullenly, and fitful lightning lit up the cracks and rips in the far part of the ship, showing faintly the chests and bales stowed there. We chinked the door with rages to keep out the wind and wet.

The witch was getting loquacious, and as long as she remained calm I humored her.

"The sea-devil wants my life because I've foiled him of the fisher-ships," she told us. "My saint is fighting for me, but he's sure to lose. When he's beaten I'll only last as long as the clock runs. He wants me alive, so he can drown me, but he can't have me, he can't, HE CAN'T!" Her voice rose to a scream. She sank back exhausted with the effort, the pumping veins of her throat and forehead gradually subsided, and I thought she slept.

Michel's wife had been talking with the priest. They wished food, and could find none in the house. She prepared to go for some, and stood at the door waiting for a temporary lull in the tempest, before venturing forth. The clock rasped harshly and began to strike. At the first sound the witch was aroused. She fixed the neighbor woman with her eyes. It seemed that the black, weather-beaten walls shivered. The witch rose to a sitting posture; she clenched her hands to her heart, her breast heaved. In a mighty explosion of thunder the hulk seemed nearly ripped from the cliff. It left as suddenly as it had come. A few tottering crates in the dark part of the hulk fell with an empty clatter. For a space all was quiet—so quiet we could hear the surf surge at the foot of the cliff.

A dry, hacking sob made me turn. Hot tears coursed down the seamed cheeks of the witch.

"He killed him; he killed him," she murmured. With a low rumble the storm commenced again. The rain washed heavily against the sides and roof, but the tarry walls held tight. The thunder burst and roared upon us. The whistling wind wrenched fiercely at the corners.

I am not very clear on just what followed. For an uncertain period my patient sank rapidly, yet her excitement increased. The dank, earthly smell from the wet bales, the thunder crashing on the low roof, the shrieks and fits of the witch, all these are a confused remembrance of horror. At times the house seemed to crack and settle as beneath a great weight, and again it seemed ready to leap over the cliff into the sea. I remember rendering the witch a few simple services. Her convulsions hurled her out of bed. I made an effort to hold the blankets, but it was like holding a sail in the present gale. I remember offering her a powerful opiate, which she drank with as little effect as so much water.

Vainly did poor Jerrard strive to direct her thoughts to God. She seemed to have a kind of faith that over-reached our spiritual scope, and she patiently put aside all proferred guidance.

The clock struck half past eleven. She raved about it. She did not want it to stop, and though the long, glistening glass doors the cruel weights could be seen nearing their limit. So frantic did she become that I offered to wind it for her.

From her fever-wasted neck she took a little golden key. For perhaps ten minutes I strove with the lock. The key seemed to fit, but the lock stuck. I gave it up and turned to the bed. The witch had risen to her knees. The little button of hair on the top of her head had become undone, wisky strands streamed out wildly about her. She glowed at me. "Try again," she said hoarsely.

Once more I knelt to my task. Softly I saw the weight descend; the clock shirred ominously. Midnight was about to strike. Instinctively I shrank back. The witch uttered a despairing cry and flung herself to the far side of the bed. Her eyes started from her head. With withered, palsied hand she pointed to the door. Her grey gasping face worked idiotically.

With a mighty howl the storm sprang upon us. The door creaked and strained, the black panels bulged. Then I saw the shiny white knob turn. I saw the priest start forward. I cannot say I saw the door open, but in the breath we were in the darkness of the pit, while round us shrieked and frothed the lashing demons of wind and hail.

I was hurled violently on my face. Half stunned, I rose on one elbow. Something struck me across the eyes. I dragged it off. The doorway was a dazzling block of bright blue fire. Blinded I turned my head. Like a fearful appartition I beheld the witch. She sat with her back pressed to the head of the bed. Her hands grappled the throat of an unseen foe. A green flame gleamed about her head, her eyes rolled wildly and glowed like coals. I struggled to my feet and started forward. The great clock lurched drunkenly and shattered across my path. The witch shrieked; a dark stream gushed from her nose and mouth; her arms fell. She crumpled into a pitious heap. The flame shivered, waned and vanished; the door slammed, shutting out the storm. Again all was dark. A great

quavering triumphant cry curled round and round the house and died away to sea. Weakly I sank to the floor amid the ruins of the clock.

I knew the witch was dead. I could see nothing. Where was the priest and the neighbor woman? Were they here? I pondered foolishly over this question which the sound of my voice could decide. By degrees a quiet came. I heard my watch. I heard heavy breathing. I looked and listened for a sound or sign of the storm. There was no crashing thunder, no howling wind, no rattling rain. A musty odor from the earth; a damp swish in the coarse moor grass; the drowsy never ceasing boom of the surf—that was all.

I do not know how long this lasted. First I noticed the transom over the door was mysteriously lit. It was not the flicker of lightening, but a steady, soft glow. It brightened slowly. Then a broad white shaft reached through the blackness and rested on the head of the bed. The body lay muffled in the tumbled covers; an ugly staining stream crept from the shapeless heap, wriggled down the pillow, and dripped into a bloody pool on the floor.

I heard someone move. It was with some apprehension I tried my voice. I spoke. Father Jerrard answered. Together we opened one of the windows. It was bright moonlight out. Torn rags of storm clouds scudded away to sea, and a clear round moon shone through. Quietly we lit the light. A stifled exclamation from the preist made me turn. He was standing by the door.

"Have either of you touched this knob?" he asked. We had not. He stepped to one side. A great red stain marred its whiteness. "Its nothing," he said. He crossed himself and wiped it off.

The neighbor woman regained her composure. She went home, promising to return for the death-watch. Half an hour sufficed for the rest of our duties, then we left.

How good it seemed to be free from that house! I felt like I had had a year's imprisonment. We walked briskly about the path. Just before the turn nearest the sea, we saw something glitter at our feet. I picked it up. We could hardly believe our eyes. Here, at least five hundred feet from the hulk, lay the golden key to the clock!

There was something odd about the path. A jagged line ran across it; I knelt and examined it. It was a crack. Idly I stuck my finger into it—something snapped. A great fissure opened at my feet and cut athwart the cliff. Slowly and dizzily the whole crest tottered outward.

I saw the hulk list endwise. Then in a rushing roar the mass rolled over. The ship, mad to be free, bounded high into the air. It struck twice. Its storm-tried beams crumpled like match wood. For an instant the sea foamed where it sank, and then the spot was swept by the muddy wave of the slide.

You learned gentlemen of the Research Labratories may explain these things. I cannot.

Yours truly,

R. R. HEDWIG, M. D.

—Lloyd Johnson, '16.

Can You Guess?

YOU may know him easily
If his face you chance to see.
Written there
Is the sage's ancient lore,
And of knowledge such a store
As is rare.
And "he has a Roman nose
And his cheek is like the rose,"
Yet is thin.
And beneath his flaxen hair
Rests no shadow of a care
But a grin.
From beneath his high-cheek bones
Ever rolls his nasal tones
On the ear.
And his eyes are cold and gray
As the skies on winter's day
Dull and drear.
Strong his will, not easy swayed,
He is bound to be obeyed
And be heard.
And his pen is full of might;
By the words that it can write
Men are stirred.
And the gleam from out his eyes
Shows that he is wondrous wise.
So profound
Solomon if he were here
Could not fathom them, I fear,
Nor their sound.
So he speaketh winged words
Pointed, keen, and sharp as swords.
By his power
He is something like a broom
Sweeping all his foes to gloom,
Where they cower.
He is but a prodigy
By the marvelous head that he
Does possess,
Over him you may not pass,
Chiefest of the Freshman Class.
Can you guess?

—Llewellyn Wilcox, '17.

A Pathetic Letter

"In Dear Old Georgia."

"Dearie:"

"Oh Don't You Remember Sweet Alice," "Long, Long Ago?" when we heard "Love's Old Sweet Song," "In the Evening Moonlight," "Where the Harvest Moon Is Shining On the River?"

"By the Light of the Silvery Moon," "In the Valley When the Blue Birds Sing," we spent "Last Night," "Dreaming." As we passed "Over Hill and Dale," we wandered "On the Trail of the Lonsome Pine," and peering upward we saw "The Big Cry Baby in the Moon."

Now, "Dearie," I write you in the "Garden of Dreams." "Can't You See I'm Lonely?" "Love Me," and "When I Marry You," "Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way," by our home, then, "Dear Old Girl," we will talk of "The Old Folks At Home."

"I'm a Lucky Boy to Have a Girl Like You," and "I'll Do Most Anything For You." Say! "My Persian Rose," "What's the Matter With Father?"

"Will You Love Me In December As You Do In May?" If so, let us travel through "Dixie," and then return to our "Home, Sweet Home."

This morning "While Coming Thru the Rye," when the "Green Grass Grew All Around," I saw "The Last Rose of Summer" climbing "Over the Garden Wall." "Daisies Won't Tell," "A Ring on the Finger is Worth Two on the Phone," and "A Tear, a Kiss and a Smile," all make life worth while.

"When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy," "In the Golden West," "Sweet Bunch of Daisies," "Then You'll Remember Me."

"It's Hard to Kiss You Sweetheart, When the Last Kiss Means Good-bye," so "Good Night Dear."

"Ever Thine Own,"

"Billy."

—H. B. Brunhofer, '15.

School Spirit

Since the first graduates received their diplomas and "embarked on the sea of life" there has been a continuous, heated controversy between the elevated and enlightened graduates and the "still plodding students." This controversy, often causing friends to be enemies, feelings to be shattered, and envy, malice and hatred to exist to an inconceivable extent, is that over the seemingly trivial and harmless question, "Have we, the present students, or have we not lost our School Spirit?"

Every high school graduate, since schools have been established, has held, more or less strongly, that the classes following him or her, never were as far advanced, as brilliant, as athletic or "spirited" as the class to which he belonged. Whether this be the cause of vanity, high self-esteem, or whatnot, faculties have not yet fathomed.

But be it as it may, we, of the present generation of students, have our ltitle ideas concerning the issue. There is not one of us, we are sad to say, that does not look back with contempt on the class below and sneer at the class above us. Thus it is that, throughout our entire lives, we of the enlightened age, who spent our early youth in the pursuit of knowledge and in scientific research, find that we are always either looking on others contemptuously, or are **being** regarded in the same contemptuous light.

If, in the estimation of the graduates, we as a school are so stricken with ambition and high resolve that we are willing to sacrifice anything to outdo a neighboring school, we possess an exorbinate amount of "School Spirit." But what are we supposed to do excel? Why, our school colors must be the gaudiest, our neckties the latest penitentiary offences, our yells the loudest, our athletes the best and our Senior Class must, by all means, be so skilled in all capers touching on pugilism that no under-classman or faculty member dare to dictate to any one of their number. Has our school lost her "Spirit?"

Here lies the controversy, or, to put it formally, the debate in which the Graduates take the affirmative and we, the students, the negative on the question, Resolved, that the School Spirit of Mountain View High School is dead.

We, of the negative firmly hold that the stand taken by the affirmative is groundless, they basing their claims entirely upon the fact that we are not as "spirited" as they. We hold that the affirmative puts forth no arguments to back their claims. For their side of the debate they simply say that we do not begin to come up to their high conceptions of spirited students. In other words—"we're dead heads."

And when an argumentative enthusiastic graduate is giving us this astounding information he begins, "Why, when I was in High School there wasn't one of us who couldn't lick the principal! And accomplished! Say we could all inhale through our ears when we were Freshmen. And say—" But here we of the negative interrupt and begin our side of the debate.

While we admit that we are next to "Spiritless," in the Graduates' opinion and in their interpretation of the word, we still hold that our Spirit is far from benig at its lowest ebb. In order to refute the statements of our honorable opponents we rejoice that we are not as "spirited" as they.

Indeed! **We,** at least, have **passed** the second stages of barbarism—are even beginning to have a faint conception of the civilized man. Yes, it is even our aim to **help** civilization by eliminating our barbarous instincts and adopting those policies which will tend to fit us for manhood and womanhood, unstained by old "class antagonism," promoted in our school years by the socalled "School Spirit." Why endeavor to abolish war, race antagonism, and trusts, or to promote democracy, or socialism, when the rising generation of students is filled to its greatest capacity with "spiritedness?" Does the urging of "school spirit," in the graduates' sense of the word, tend to protect or promote the general welfare of our people? No? Then we, as members of the negative hereby hold that we **are not** and **do not wish** to be "spirited" as were our barbarous "stone-age," learned opponents, but, to put it forcibly, to progress to that

high state of civilization now looked upon as the "dream of the early Paradise."

Are we, then, taking these arguments into consideration, as "Spiritless" as represented by our worthy opponents, the graduates? Yes? Then **you** must be a graduate, or rather, an "**impossible**" graduate.

He who has a willing hand to lend,
A kindly thought, a goodly deed,
Or friendly smile to send
To a fellow plodder in need,
Is filled—O, words can't express
The greatness of his "Spiritedness!"

—Thomas Kleckner, '15.

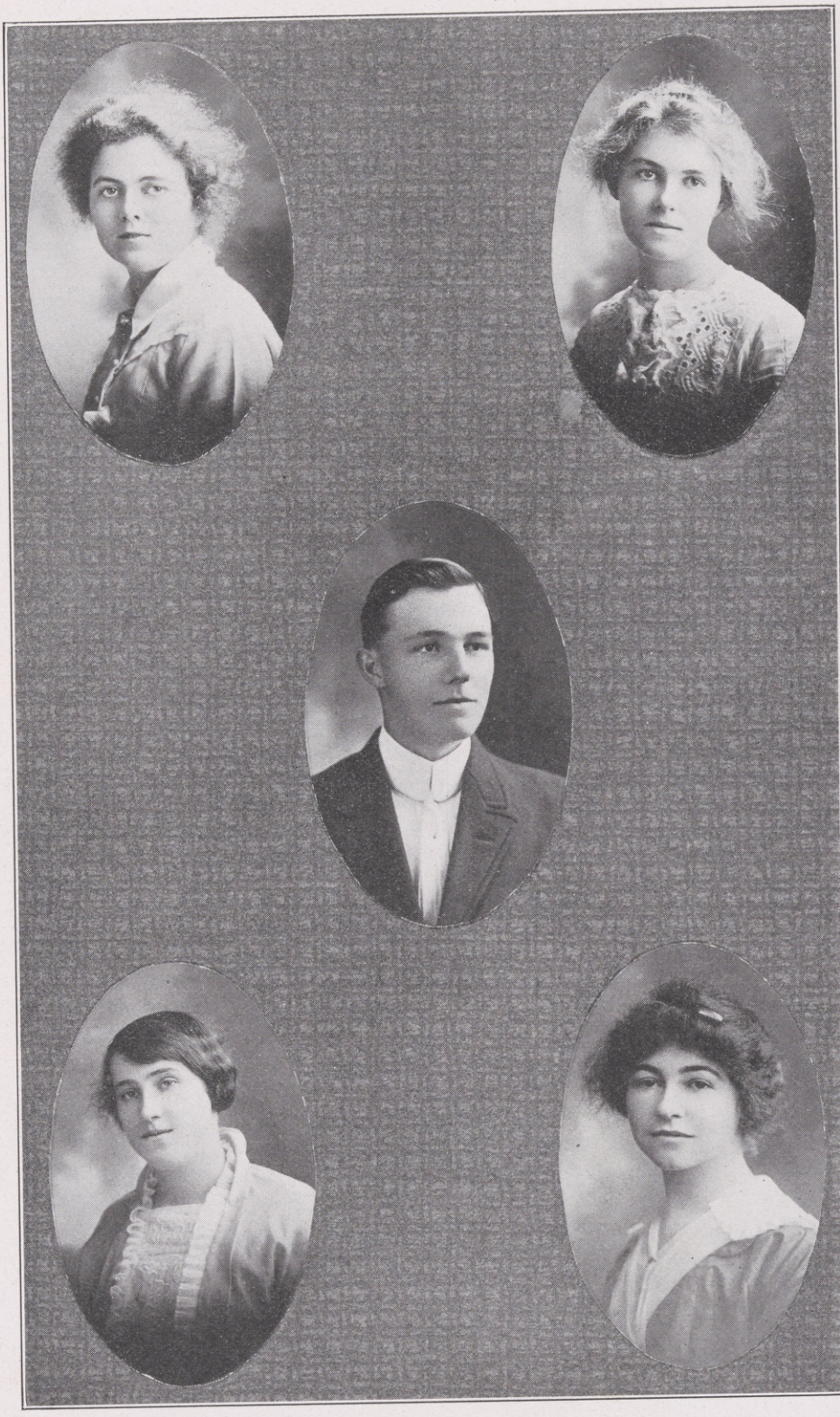
The Beautiful Island of Dreams

ONE night old Somnus captured me
And bore me far away
Over a crystal and silver sea,
Away from the weary world sailed we,
Away from the realms of Day.
And after awhile the ship did land
On a magic isle, it seems,
It touched upon a golden strand,
And left me there alone to stand
On the beautiful Island of Dreams.

Where the lordly castles lift in air
Their turrets to the skies,
Where never a fear and not a care,
Nor the boldest worry venture there,
To that golden Paradise;
Where flowers e'er bloom 'mid fadeless green,
On the flashing spires in golden sheen,
And the silver moonlight gleams
And the music rolls o'er the peaceful scene
On the Beautiful Island of Dreams.

On the golden throne I sit care-free
With ne'er a grief to mar;
Then back from the realms of night sailed we,
Back from the things that Seem to Be,
Back to the Things that Are.
But I like to sail away each night,
To where the splendor streams
Across the blue on an island bright,
To a far-off land of still delight,
To the beautiful Island of Dreams.

—Llewellyn A. Wilcox, '17.



EDITH LINCK ALICE TOFT

LESLIE FRAZER, Business Manager

ELDORA FREEMAN ALICE HAGERTY

GRACE McCONNELL LEONA ARMSTRONG

FLORENCE HOERNIG, Editor-in-Chief

IVA ROGERS JAMES DERMODY

EDITORIAL

"BLUE AND GRAY" STAFF.

FLORENCE HOERNIG	Editor
LEONA ARMSTRONG	Assistant Editor
EDITH LINCK	Organizations
IVA ROGERS	Social Notes
ALICE TOFT	Alumni
ELDORA FREEMAN	Exchanges
JAMES DERMODY	Athletics
ALICE HAGERTY	Joshes
GRACE McCONNELL	Artist
LESLIE FRAZER	Business Manager

TO every editor is given at least one opportunity to express, with impunity, his ideas of the world, its people and what they may do. In accordance with this I may safely give my opinions of the happenings in our school world.

The past year we can surely say has been a successful and also an eventful one. Activities of all sorts have flourished. The new departments, Domestic Science, Woodwork, and Arts and Crafts, have been tried and proved a success. All other work has also progressed. All our entertainments have been financial as well as social successes. Perhaps athletics have not been attacked with as much vigor and enthusiasm as in former years; but if this be so, it can be said to be overshadowed by the success of our new activity, debating.

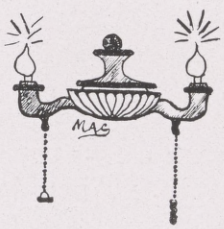
During the middle of last year we took up debating for the first time. This year of the two dual debates, we won both by high scores and have won the cup as champions of the Santa Clara Valley Debating League. This is surely success for only a year and a half's work. And what is to prevent us from continuing this good work? You can not always find enough good athletes to make a winning football or baseball team, but surely in a school of one hundred and twenty-eight you can find six people who, with a little work and the support of the students will make good debaters.

This year has been an eventful one, especially in the life of our high school paper. During the past four years the book has not

always been a financial and at the same time, a literary success. The sentiment seemed to be that we discontinue issuing it. But the Seniors objected to this and, through speeches by them and several progressive underclassmen, they convinced the Student Body that the happiness of all depended on the book and by an almost unanimous vote it was decided to continue it.

But one or two things mar the entire success of the year. One is that we still have among us a few knockers. No matter what is done, if they are not the principal participants, they think it is not being done right or should not be done at all. Yet these same people when appealed to for assistance will never help. They are just natural "crabbers", who make life unpleasant for all around them. We are thankful to say that but few of this type are among us, yet even these are enough to cause an unpleasant ripple. United effort is needed for everything you undertake, if it is no more than postponing a civics examination, and if you can not co-operate during your school days, what will you do later? If you do not like the way things are being done, pitch in and work—they may go better for your help. If you cannot do this, lay your grouch aside and think how your attitude must seem to those who can work. Then you can at least boost; and if you have boosters and no shirkers things just cannot go wrong.

In getting out this copy of the "Blue and Gray" we need plenty of boosters for we are pledged to make it both a financial and literary success. Toward this end the entire staff has struggled, and sometimes it has been a grind to obtain the necessary material. How well we have succeeded, we shall let you judge. If the financial part is all right, we must thank our advertisers. Without their assistance we could do nothing. If the readers will kindly study the advertisements and if, when patroninzing these merchants, they will mention the "Blue and Gray" they, too, will be boosting and making another succesful number of the magazine a possibility.



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

ELDORA FREEMAN JAMES DERMODY DONALD MORK
HUGH ROSS HARRIET MINTON MARJORY McKEAN

Organizations

The Student Body is the first and most important of our organizations. It consists of over one hundred members, larger than any year before. The officers of the first semester were:

President—Carlton Rouse.
Vice President—Iva Rogers.
Second Vice President—Elsie Baker.
Secretary—Victor Davis.
Treasurer—Walter Goodwin.
Sergeant-at-arms—Eldora Freeman.

The second semester the following officers were elected for the rest of the year:

President—James Dermody.
Vice President—Donald Mork.
Second Vice President—Marjory McKean.
Secretary—Harriet Minton.
Treasurer—Eldora Freeman.
Sergeant-at-arms—Hugh Ross.

Several of the entertainments of the year were given under the control of the Student Body and for its benefit.

GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club also holds an important place, for it has been very successful during the last two years. The following officers have served throughout the year:

President—Eldora Freeman.
Secretary—Harriet Minton.
Director—Mr. F. F. Jeffers.

Under the efficient direction of Mr. Jeffers the Glee Club successfully presented the cantata, "Queen Esther," on April 30. This was given for the benefit of the Glee Club and the Student Body and was a financial success.

AGRICULTURAL CLUB.

One of the new clubs this year is the Boys' Agricultural Club. It was organized early in the spring by Professor Crocheron of the University of California. Great interest has been taken in this work and several men from the University interested in the work have visited the club. The following officers have been elected:

President—Jack North.
Secretary—William Chung.

The crop chosen for this year, to be raised by the club for experiment, is tomatoes.

Three other new clubs have been started this year, the Reading and Expression, World's Progress and Short Story Club.

The World's Progress Club has subscribed for a number of the leading magazines which are used in their work, under the direction of Mrs. Peckham.

The Short Story Club has aided in supplying material for the Blue and Gray. Most of the stories in the paper are from members of this club, which is under the direction of Miss Wolfenbarger.

The Reading and Expression Club in charge of Professor Zahn and Miss Ward has made great progress along several lines. It has supplied readers for several school programs during the year.

DEBATING CLUB.

Since the Debating Club was organized two years ago in connection with the Santa Clara Valley Debating League, it has advanced rapidly. The Debating Manager for this year is Victor Davis and the debaters all say he is well suited for the place. The club, in charge of Mr. Lindsay has met every Friday.

On December 12 of last year the first debate of the season was held. This was a dual debate between Mountain View High School and Palo Alto High School. The M. V. H. S. team on the affirmative was Leslie Frazer and Harold Wright; the negative Florence Hoernig and Lloyd Johnson, with Edith Linck as alternate. The question was: "Resolved that the California Legislature was justified in the passage of the Anti-Alien Land Act.

On April 24, 1914 another debate was held with Palo Alto High School on the question, "Resolved that the immigration of all unskilled labor to the United States of the Slavis, Italic and Hellenic races of South and Southeastern Europe should be prohibited." Our affirmative team was Edith Linck and Florence Hoernig; the negative, Victor Davis and Lloyd Johnson, with Donald York as alternate.

Our school was victorious in both debates and thereby won the championship of the Santa Clara Valley Debating League. Therefore we now have the silver trophy cup presented by the Delphic Society of the San Jose High School.

This cup if won by the same school for three consecutive years becomes the property of that school. There is a fine prospect that our school will be able to do this.

Society

FRESHMAN RECEPTION.

About two weeks after our return to the M. V. H. S., we, the upperclassmen, welcomed the innocent little Freshmen to our midst. The Alumni and the parents of the Freshmen were invited. A short program was rendered after which games appropriate for a Freshman Reception were played. About 11 o'clock cake and ice cream were served.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION.

One evening in December the Juniors royally entertained the Seniors at Mockbee's Hall. The hall was beautifully decorated with crepe paper and Toyon berries. A few games were played, but the greater part of the evening was spent in dancing. Late in the evening tables were placed and each one found his place by dainty little hand-painted cards. Light refreshments were served, after which toasts were given. Every one had a most enjoyable time.

THE EXHIBITS.

The Domestic Science, Woodwork and Arts and Crafts Departments exhibited their work on March 6th. The guests present were served with sandwiches and coffee, by Miss Peers, assisted by Miss Peckham, in the dining room of the Bungalow.

ARBOR DAY.

Every one came to schol on Arbor Day with the idea of having a good time and also of working. The board declared the day a holiday as far as class work was concerned. The boys of each class were assigned a certain portion of the grounds in which to prepare flower beds, and various kinds of vines, geraniums and ferns were planted. The Seniors gathered near the bungalow and planted their palm. Fireworks and a balloon were set off, while appropriate yells were given and songs sung.

At one o'clock luncheon was served under the trees by the girls of the various classes. The remainder of the afternoon was reserved for tennis, basket-ball and baseball games. Every one had an enjoyable time and wished that Arbor Day came oftener.

MAY DAY.

May Day was certainly a gala occasion. The various grades of the grammar school prepared a May Day program. Their May Pole dance, plays and songs were given in the rose-strewn quadrangle in front of the Grammar School. Just before noon there was a basket-ball game between the present High School team and the Alumni. The score was 19-14 in favor of the Alumni. The Domestic Science Class prepared a cafeteria dinner for three hundred people, which was served in the Bungalow. The afternoon was reserved for a track met. Many people were present and all enjoyed the event.

CANTATA OF QUEEN ESTHER.

On April 30, the Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Jeffers, put on the Cantata of Queen Esther. It was considered one of the best things the High School has ever attempted. The cast was as follows:

Queen Esther—Beulah Keagy.
King Ahasuerus—Lloyd Johnson.
Haman, the King's Counsellor—Jack North.
Zeresch, Haman's wife—Eldora Freeman.
Ida, the child—Harriet Holeman.
Mordecai, a Jew—Winifred Williamson.
Mordecai's Sister—Margaret Deckman.
The Prophetess—Esther Smith.
A Median Princess—Esther Frazer.
A Persian Princess—Lucile St. John.
The Scribe—Harold Moore.
The Priest—Porter Kimball.
A Herald—Arthur Frazer.
Quuen Esther's Maids of Honor—Leslie and Lesta Redwine.
Zeresch's Maids of Honor—Beulah Job, Harriet Minton.
Guards—Leslie Frazer, Alman Beck.
Flower Girls, Pages—Gramar School Girls.
A Herald—Calvin Case.
Persians, Jews,—High School Girls and Boys.
Pianist—Alice Toft.

SENIOR PLAY.

Every one is looking forward to the Senior play, which is to be given June 11, in Swall's Hall.

"Phyllis's Inheritance—A Fight For a Fortune."

Philip Morningside, a promising New York Attorney—Thomas Kleckner.

Major Mumford—A veteran of '61—Leslie Frazer.

Pierre Marquette—of Paris and New York—Ernest Rankin.

Patrick Mooney, M. P.—Secretary of the Home Rule Association—James Dermoody.

Peter Martin—A timid young man with a desire to be "sporty" —Victor Davis.

Paul Maroel—A Private Detective—Donald Mork.

Phyllis Morningside—Philip's up-to-date wife with ambitions—Iva Rogers.

Phoebe Martingale—Has been a widow on four occasions—Eldora Freeman.

Penelope Mumford—A vertiable "butter-in" at all times—Alice Toft.

Patrice Mumford—Her only child. She has just "come out"—Leona Armstrong.

Angela, Alice, Amy—A trio of Vassar "bright lights."—Edith Linck, Madeline Brown, Fannie Ryck.

Pansy—A house-maid of the "fresh" variety—Grace McConnell.

Scenes

Act 1. Parlor of the Morningside Villa—Evening.

Act 2. Lawn of the Morningside Villa. The next morning.

Act 3. Same as Act 1. The same evening.

Locality—Ivycrest-on-the-Hudson.

Time—August.

Exchanges

THE number of exchanges received this year is small. This decrease we feel is due to neglicence on the part of this department in the sending out of our own annual. An attempt will be made to improve in this respect next year. The staff joins with the Editor in sending sincere thanks for the books sent to us and a welcome to you and the new friends we hope to make. We

hope to receive in good will the criticisms offered and profit as much from them as we hope to from your criticisms of our annual.

Megaphone, Fortuna High (Eureka)—You speak of lack of space. We suggest that you decrease the width and depth of the book; we found this successful as well as profitable. Your departments as a whole are well arranged. The cuts are very fine. Stories and poems are lacking. Why use different paper in places?

Cardinal and Gold (Oxnard)—The size of your book is good. The poem, "California Sunset is well written. Improve the Literary Department. Why not make the book more general rather than devote pages to classes. The art and group pictures are stiff. We do not favor colored paper for a book.

El Eco, Lincoln Union High (Lincoln)—The cover does not equal the contents in attractiveness. Do not separate the Girls' Basket Ball picture from Athletics. The poem, "Pockawanee," is excellently written and the poet deserves great credit. The art cuts are very good. With the exception of these faults you are a fine book.

The Madrona, Palo Alto High (Palo Alto)—You are an excellent paper. Your appearance is attractive within and without. We can not criticise anything although we have tried hard.

Oak Leaves (Morgan Hill)—This is one of the most attractive books on the desk. Just a few words of criticism. Bring the name of the school and the table of contents to the front. The cartoons deteriorate from the Senior Class pictures.

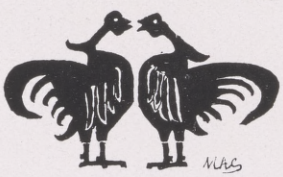
Golden-Blue (Maxwell)—Hurrah for Maxwell! We highly honor your efforts to establish an annual. You are doing well for a starter. Please accept the well-meant criticisms offered. Use more art cuts; they improve a book. We do not favor group pictures. The stories are good. Add a couple of poems to the Literary Department.

Orange and Black (Coalingo)—You are a Xmas number and so it is not fair to compare you with annuals. A smaller size and attractive cover would make a great improvement. The cuts, though few, are good. Improve on the Literary Department.

The Wild Cat, Los Gatos High (Los Gatos)—Your book presents an attractive appearance throughout. Its very self spells Xmas number. The art cuts should receive special mention for their excellence. The Exchange Column is very cleverly written. You are an excellent book.

Progress, Easton High (Easton, Fresno Co.)—The Classes of Easton High, including the class of 1913, deserve great credit in bringing the book out of oblivion after ten long years. Of course you must begin anew. Add more cuts. Improve the Literary Department. You are the only book on the desk that pays tribute to our California Poet, Joaquin Miller. We compliment you.

—Eldora Freeman, 1914.



Athletics '14

Athletics in a high school tend to develop the athlete physically and make the school known throughout the country. It also offers an attraction to a certain class of prospective students. The interest this year was not what it might have been. Two years ago and again last year a great number of our best athletes graduated, so it is due to the loss of these leaders that our school has not been as well represented as formerly.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

As in former years the girls have practiced well and brought honor to the school in many games. Several old players were lost, because some of the girls who had played in the team for several years felt that they could not take the time to practice this year. By this loss the team was severely handicapped; since it meant that several inexperienced players had to be taught the game, but with Alice Hagerty and Marie Garliepp as managers a good team was organized, and the folowing league and practice games were played:

Mt. View vs. San Mateo—Score, 12-19.
Mt. View vs. Palo Alto—Score, 14-14.
Mt. View vs. San Mateo—Scorce, 11-10.
Mt. View vs. San Jose—Score, 10-46.
Mt. View vs. Santa Clara—Score, 28-5.
Mt. View vs. Alumni—Score, 14-19.
Mt. View vs. Los Gatos—Score, 11-12.
Mt. View vs. Santa Clara—Score, 39-2.

BASEBALL.

An increased interest in baseball was also noticed this year. The boys practiced industriously and although they were losers in most games, a great deal of experience has been gained. Since but one player will be lost by graduation, the team will doubtless be more successful next year.

TENNIS.

More enthusiasm was shown over tennis this year than during any previous year. The team had only one court on which to practice, and, since this was used by others than the regular team, the hours during which our boys could practice were necessarily limited. An interclass tournament was held, in which Ellsworth Trullsen won the singles and Ernest Rankin and Victor Davis the doubles. With the addition of two new courts probably next year even more should be accomplished.

BOYS' BASKET BALL.

Our boys attempted basketball this year for the first time. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Byrd deserve the credit for anything which may have been done in this line. Three games were played, two with Redwood and one with Campbell. Our team was defeated in all. By this time track work and baseball practice usurped its place and the team disbanded.

TRACK.

Track has always been the strongest part of our athletics, but this year, as in the other forms of athletics success has not been so marked. The usual interclass track meet and try-out were held; the Juniors and Sophomores won by the score of 59 to 47. This year for the first time in seven years Mountain View lost the I. A. U. track meet. Santa Clara took first place and Mountain View fourth.

Alumni Notes

"Again the silent wheels of Time,
Their annual round have driven."

Year by year our High School is sending its members forth to the world, able and ready to solve the difficult problems that life presents. The graduates of the past have proved to the world the high standard of our school, by their unvaried success. Below, we give a list of our alumni, and also, as nearly as possible, information as to their whereabouts.

Name	Occupation	Residence
Edward Green '04,	Teacher	Los Angeles
Alice Whittemore '05,	Teacher	Mountain View
Mrs. S. V. Addatto '05, (nee Edna Higgins)		San Jose
John Bubb '06,	Employee Yuba Construction Co	Michigan
Rosa Sturla '06,	Teacher	Colma
Mrs. R. K. Barry '06, (nee Ruby Trubsechenk)		Sacramento
Louis Wagner '06,	Employee in drug store	Mountain View
Willard Ayer '06,	Employee of Great Western Power Co	Oakland
Charles Atkins '07,	Member of Teaching Fraternity	San Jose
Mrs. Totman '07, (nee Mae Cushing)		Rio Vista
Claude Shull '08,	Teacher	Berren Springs, Mich.
William Goodwin '08,	Civil Engineer	Redwood City
Mrs. C. Newman '08, (nee Alice Hill)		Mountain View
Mrs. O. Tait '08, (nee Alice Chapman)		Mountain View
Max Ish '08,	Employee of Hardware Co	Palo Alto
William Garliepp '08,	Employee of Capitol Hotel	Sacramento
Henrietta Bar '08,	Employee of Patterson Ranch Co	Oxnard
Adeline Chapman '08,	Teacher in Lancaster Academy	Massachusetts
Barbara Knox '08,	Teacher of Music	Washington, D. C.
Rosa Baker '09,	Teacher	Mountain View
Mary Eastwood '09,	Teacher	Mountain View
Jennie Cushing '09,	Teacher	San Jose
Mrs. E. Adams '09 (nee Agnes Urban)		Sebastapol
Miriam Burton '09,	Just graduated in Music	Sunnyvale
Mrs. L. Dixon '09, (nee Ysabel Morton)		Mountain View
Roy Frick '09,	Employed in Public Schools	Mountain View
Nellie Garliepp '09,	Employed by Dist. Atty. Free	Mountain View
Albert Dixon '09,	Student Medical College	Loma Linda
John Sinz '09,	Employee of U. S. Steel Product Co	San Francisco
Mrs. E. Beall '10, (nee Electa Burkett)		Palo Alto
Irene Webber '10,	Teacher	Rosevale
Pearl True '10,	Teacher	Mountain View
Natalie Macrum '10,	Student Stanford University	Los Altos
Ethel Phelps '10,	Studying to be a Missionary	Boston
Mrs. C. Hustler '10, (nee Catherine Day)		Sunnyvale
Frank Herbert '10,	Student University of California	Berkeley
Dan Ames '10,	Employed in Power House	Avila
Mrs. C. Beal '10, (nee Helen Evans)		Los Angeles
Eva Newman '10,	Student Stanford University	Mountain View
Roscoe Duernberger '10,	Student Stanford University	Sunnyvale
Helen Drake '10,	At Home	Mountain View

Name	Occupation	Residence
Ewart Brightman '10,	Occupation unknown	Portland, Oregon
Fanny Distel '10,	Studying Music	Mountain View

Name	Occupation	Residence
Leslie Morton '11,	In Business in San Jose	Mountain View
Elizabeth Harcourt '11,	Teacher	Bellvale
Raymond Frazer '11,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Joseph Pasaol '11,	Ranching	Mountain View
Joyce Colvin '11,	Graduated from Normal	Mountain View
Rudolph Swall '11,	Employee of Dudfield Lumber Co	Palo Alto
Bernard Mason '11,	Ranching	Willitts
Delma Phelps '11,	Student Normal	San Jose
Ottilie Hoernig '11,	Student Stanford University	Mountain View
Luro Rankin '11,	Studying Music	Quincy, Ill.
Frances Huntington '11,	Student Stanford University	Los Altos
Carrie Center '11,	At Home	Mountain View
Joseph Urban '11,	Student Stanford University	Los Altos
Martha Job '11,	Student Stanford University	Mountain View
Bessie Gwartney '11,	Teacher	Hopland
Frank O'Connel '11,	Student Stanford University	Mountain View
Charles Moore '12,	In Moore's Furniture Store	Mountain View
Ruth Booher '12,	Stenographer	Mountain View
Lorna Donaldson '12,	Student Stanford University	Palo Alto
Annette Stuart '12,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Vina Goodwin '12,	Student Normal	Sunnyvale
Edith Hagerty '12,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Goldie Kensler '12,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Clara Hagerty '12,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Josephine Kelsey '12,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Kenneth Slater '12,	Student Normal	San Jose
Phoebe Cook '12,	Student Normal	San Jose
Raymond Mosher '12,	Student Normal	San Jose
Wauneta Watts '12,	Nurse	Palo Alto
Alice Roberts '12,	At Home	Mountain View
Dorothy Norris '12,	Graduated from Business College	Oakland
Alice Barnes '12,	Employed in Clothing Store	San Francisco
Le Roy Morton '12,	In Business with his brother	Mountain View
Henrietta Drake '12,	Working in Palo Alto	Mountain View
Minnie Rowles '12,	Dressmaking	Mountain View
Louis Hobart '12,	Student Domestic Science	Los Angeles
Blanche Butler '12,	Bookkeeper	Palo Alto
Marguerite Moore '13,	At Home	Mountain View
Alice Eastwood '13,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Ada Wyman '13,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Irene Setzer '13,	Student Normal	Sunnyvale
Edna Freeman '13,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Mary Logue '13,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Reginald Harcourt '13,	Employed by Register-Leader	Mt. View
Emma Millett '13,	Student College of Pacific	Sunnyvale
Etta Dyer,	Taking Post Graduate Course in M. V. H. S.	Mt. View
Ernest Loucks,	Student Stanford University	Mountain View
Clarence Kensler,	Ranching	Endicott, Wash.
Alice Pearson,	At Home	Mountain View
Naomi Booher,	Student Normal	Mountain View
Ethel Emerson,	Student College Pacific	Mountain View
Alfred Martel,	Student Stanford University	Mountain View
Esther Booher,	Milliner	Mountain View
Gladys Rogers,	Student College Pacific	Mountain View
Graden Poppleton,	Employed in Electric Co	Portland, Ore.
Glennmore, Poppleton,	Employed by E. B. & A. L. Stone Co.	Mt. View

Senior Class History

THE task of writing a Class History is not as simply as most people believe. The four years of High School life seem short but if they are at all eventful, as they usually are, one becomes confused as to true facts. Realizing this, it was with no great pleasure that I received the announcement that I was to write our Senior Class History. The more I tried to ferret out and combine the true facts my mind possessed, the darker the situation became. In the midst of my anxiety an alumnus came to the rescue, telling me that a hermit dwelt in a cave in the mountains to the west, and that he had kept true Histories of the Classes of Mountain View High School since its erection. I feared to meet something mysterious and uncanny, but clinging to this suggestion as a last thread of hope, I gained the consent of a more courageous friend to accompany me on Sunday. Following directions, we abandoned the automobile at the end of a dense forest, and picked our way over rocks and through underbrush until we discovered the cave abode, almost concealed by overgrowth and barred to intruders by a heavy door. As the object of our search cautiously drew the door open and stood in the entrance before us, I preceived that my fears were not entirely ungrounded, for he was uncanny without doubt. His gaunt and angular figure was clothed in a loose flowing gown of coarse material and his long unkempt grizzled hair and beard flowed wild. The stars of his protruding eyes was somewhat softened by heavy brows. When he spoke, kindly inviting us in and inquiring our mission, I for one was greatly relieved.

Opening a huge worn and dust-covered volume, he slowly ran his bony fingers over the pages and read:

"September 6, 1910—Thirty-four girls and boys, beaming with self-confidence and nerve, sought admission to Mountain View High School as Freshmen and were allowed to enter. You scorned all offers of protection, preferring to bear the burden of it on your own shoulders.

"As an indication of the nerve you possessed, you purchased red hats, adorning them with green and flaunted them before the eyes of the Upperclassmen until you deservingly lost a few, but not without gaining some belonging to them.

"Worse yet, thinking that the Upperclassmen were slow in receiving, you asked them if they didn't think it was time that they were giving you a reception. In doing this you defied all conventions of society. Then, too, after their kindness, most of the class said that they did not enjoy themselves at all. But you were forgiven, since you were mere Freshmen.

"Organization later took place, and on Hallowe'en you selfishly gave a party to which none of your superiors were invited. Nevertheless, many of the uninvited guests were in evidence, displaying a sample of that refreshing perfume, H_2S, from the Chemical Laboratory, which they had just learned to make.

"The second semester you entered the new addition of the High School with the Upperclassmen and were assigned to the front seats in the study hall. Ah! that smile of triumph that encircled your faces, for were you not furthest from the teacher in charge, while the Seniors were nearest? This joy was short-lived, however, for every one of your teachers could see well at long distance.

"During this semester you class enjoyed several parties at the different homes of class members.

"In May, without being exactly asked, you joined the Juniors and Sophmores in entertaining the Seniors.

"To you this had been a very eventful year for you were well represented in all organizations and athletics, as well as the social affairs of the school. Vacation seems to have appeared on the scene only too soon.

"September 11, 1911.—Alas! Alas! Although your numbers have decreased to twenty-nine, the self confidence and nerve has increased with amazing rapidity. Your love for society which went hand in hand with them has entirely vanished. This year you seem to have made up your minds to amuse yourselves by tormenting the Freshmen in ways which you did not permit when you were in their place. Being permitted to assist the Seniors and Juniors in entertaining the Freshmen, you made them almost fear for their lives if they dared to show up. But they were game and you admitted it. Listen!" He pointed a warning finger toward us. "When track suits and showers came into use along with other meanness Mr. Zahn and Miss Ward stood sponsors in place of your former Freshman Mother, Miss Williston, who had departed to take a position in her home town, San Jose.

"Finally, to the joy of the 'Infants,' you desisted from treating them ill, but started in on the ever-kind teachers. Now that you are older you are sorry, very sorry.

"During the year several fine lectures were given. I do not know whether or not they were for your benefit; if they were they surely had litle effect.

"Apart from organizations and athletics you took no part in social affairs with the exception of helping to entertain the Senior Class at a picnic at Congress Springs, which you enjoyed as much as they.

"Ah! When vacation arrived the Faculty and the other students were ready to offer votes of thanks and to pray that with the Junior year you Sophomores would absorb more kindness and dignity.

"September 11, 1912.—Hurrah of the Juniors! I have marked this as a banner year for you. The prayers of the school have been answered, for you have undoubtedly assumed both dignity and kindness. You have begun to realize that yours is not the only class in High School. This year you worked hand in hand with the Senior Class, for which you had great respect and which was a fine example of peacefulness. As Juniors you were allowed the initiative in entertaining them, of which privilege you were proud. On January 31, you entertained these Seniors at a banquet in Mockbee's Hall. From all appearances you took great pains in decorating and in giving them a good time and from reports your attempts were successful.

"Still in every organization of school you were represented by your classmen. Great spirit was shown by you in the giving of benefits for both the Student Body and the Glee Club.

"Most of your Junior year was spent in the Chemical Laboratory, and a mystery has always encircled that part of your history. Often the questions have been asked, 'Why were plumbers called to the laboratory so often?' 'What became of all the beakers and ammoni Hydroride?' 'Who was the last person to need the attentions of a physician?' Most of them can be answered by your class only, but," he added with a twinkle in his eyes, "I am sure that every Junior got his own as well as the preceding classes' money's worth out of the one dollar and fifty-cent fee.

"In May you again took the initiative and entertained that Model Senior Class at a reception.

"When the twenty-eighth of June brought graduation, it was with extra precaution that you decorated the hall and stage which was to hold the beaming faces of the graduates of 1913.

"September 8, 1913.—With a feeling of lonesomeness for the graduates, you took places in the long-envied rear seats of the study hall and yourselves became Seniors.

"Your Class on entrance numbered nineteen. Two new students had entered your ranks, Beulah Keagy, from the San Jose High School, and Leslie Frazer from the Class of 1913, who had been forced to drop out of school because of an injury received in the laboratory. These students you found a big addition to the class. Only a couple of months had elapsed when Carlton and Edith Rouse, and Marguerite Bills left your class. They had entered with you as 'awful' Freshmen and now that your class had reached the zenith they departed.

"Your class then numbered sixteen—thirteen girls and three boys. Although your class possessed but three boys, they did as

much for the class and school as triple the number might have done.

"This promised to be a busy year, as usual, for the Seniors.

"The good citizens of Mountain View, inspired by your teachers and the trustees, erected one of the finest Domestic Science Bungalows in the State for your use, outfitted a splendid Woodwork Department, and also a Pottery and Leather Department. Two teachers were added to the Faculty for the new departments, making a total of eight teachers. The Seniors were given first opportunity to take up the work of either of these departments. Your class was represented by ten of the thirteen girls in the Domestic Science Department. The boys were conspicuous by their absence, except at the close of cooking hours, when they managed to absorb enough courage to shy near the windows for a 'hand-out.' No serious results from such have been reported. The Woodwork Department was represented by one of the three Senior boys, and the Pottery and Leather Department by four Senior Girls. Much work has been accomplished in all these Departments.

"In December the Junior class, which still shows the game spirit it possessed as a Freshman Class and which you had tormented so, entertained you at a delightful supper and dance in Mockbee Hall.

"During the second semester you took special pains in class organization. How proud you felt of the litle gold 'M. V. H. S., '14,' pins that you chose for your class emblem! The colors, red and green, you have proudly carried through all your high school days. To match these in color and beauty you chose the Jacqueminot Rose. You have truthfully lived up to your motto, 'Rowing, Not Drifting,' for much has been accomplished by your class during its High School Life.

"The fourteenth of March being Arbor Day for California, the Senior Class chose it as the day when one of the greatest events of a Senior's life should take place, that of planting a palm. Later it was announced that the entire school would have a holiday, with the provision that the grounds be beautified in some manner. Consequently the work was divided among all the classes, with the exception of the Senior Class, whose plans for beautifying had already been made. The Underclassmen looked wise, but said nothing. You interpreted this wise look of theirs as meaning that you Seniors had chosen this as a palm planting day to get out of the other work, but you were wrong.

"With all due ceremonies a beautiful palm was given its place on the campus, but it was not to remain long. The next day those guilty of the removal of the palm were easily detected by the interpretation of the wise look on many of the faces of the Underclassmen at the mention of the Senior palm. Its little journey was undoubtedly beneficial to its health, for since its reinstatement by the guilty parties it has flourished.

"This year the special honors of printing the 'Blue and Gray,' of holding the highest offices of the Student Body, and of presenting the Senior Farce were bestowed upon the members of your class.

"Seniors! You have done your duty to the best of your ability in all the organizations and in all of the athletics of the school and any failure in most cases was not due to lack of trial.

"As the days neared graduation and began to drag as usual

and prove a burden, you found them lightened by the smiles and kindness of your class teacher, Miss Peckham, who took a profound interest in all your problems.

"Now, on a separate page I have kept a record of the things for which the Senior Class is noted:

"1. For the number of offices in the Department of Matrimony which you have filled with members of your class. M. seems to have been the favorite initial of the candidates, for did not May Dyer marry during the Sophmore year, Myrtle Perrel during the Junior year, and Margaret Bills during the Senior year? The one remaining M. has consented to remain with you until graduation. The remainder shall be revealed by her.

"2. For the saving of the dear old 'Blue and Gray' from an indefinite oblivion, by strong and appealing arguments in its favor.

"3. Two of the best debaters, who brought glory to the school are members of your class, namely, Florence Hoernig and Edith Linck.

"4. And the greatest honor(?) of all I have yet to reveal, that of never, with emphasis on the **never**, having had a class meeting without a quarrel.

"As a favor in return for what I have told you, I beg of you to carry this message to your classmates. Tell them that I as an old Hermit of Knowledge send them these few words of greeting:

"Seniors! You have reached one great epoch in your lives, but there are others before you. When you receive your diplomas on the night of the twenty-fifth of June, nineteen hundred and fourteen, know you one and all, that what you are and will be, you owe to the citizens of Mountain View and vicinity who have given you one of the finest High Schools and some of the finest teachers in the States; to your dear parents, who have never failed to encourage each and everyone of you to take a High School education; and last, but my no means least, to the faculty, whose untiring efforts and great patience have brought you all to this your first goal. But your history is not finished. You have all careers mapped out before you and in making them let 'Rowing, Not Drifting' ever be your watchword."

With this he closed the treasured book and we reluctantly departed.

—Eldora Freeman, '14.

Senior Class Prophery

THESE scraps are part of a badly mutilated, torn diary found in February, 1950, on the shore of a small island in the Arctic Ocean. This has been recently published in connection with several other torn manuscripts found on the same island.

Boston, Mass., June 25, 1924.

Arrived here last night at seven. This morning I went out to view Bunker Hill monument. While there I saw an accident, one of the numerous scaffolds recently built about the monument fell. After that I heard two women talking rapidly behind me. Thinking I recognized the voices, I listened and I could hear one saying, "Where do you get that stuff?" The other constantly was saying, "I won't, I won't, I tell you." It dawned on me that it must be Alice and Lola. I said, "Hello Steve." She turned, glaring at me, with a "Where d'ye get that stuff?" Somewhat crestfallen I turned to Lola, remembering that she always had a soft heart and quiet temper. "Don't you remember me, Lola?" "I won't," she snapped out, "I won't." Disappointed I turned to leave, whereupon they joined me and I found out that they were members of an Old Maid's Patriotic Society engaged in the philanthropic work of scraping dust and moss off the monument.

Tomorrow I must leave and return to New York.

New York, June 26, 1924.

I arrived here this evening. Having nothing else to do I engaged a seat for the circus tomorrow afternoon. I intend leaving on my European tour Thursday, June 28.

June 27.

This afternoon at the circus I was very much interested in the quick lively action of the leading acrobatic troupe. This troupe was noted for its rapid running. Interested, I looked at my program to see who was the leader of the troupe and was surprised to see that the leader was Iva Rogers, of all people.

My baggage is all ready for my trip tomorrow, so I'll bid my diary goodbye until I land in England, for I know that I'll be sick all the way over. Good bye.

London, July 4.

Many interesting things have passed. I can not record all of them in my little book. However, I had a queer experience in Westminister Abbey this morning. In one of the main corridors I noticed a large crowd. Being curious, I moved to the edge of the crowd just as a man said, "The Queen! the Queen is coming!" I looked up, and, on the turn of the stairs, just ready to run down, for that is now the correct manner of queenly descent, was the queen with her courtiers. Just then one of the queen's maids, who in former years was known as "a perfect lady," tripped, slipped and rolled down the entire flight of the stairs. The officers rushed to her aid and I doubt if I had ever recognized her, as her hair was down, if I had not heard her exclaim, "Daawrn it." Then I knew it must be Madeline Brown, and sure enough it was."

Paris, France, July 17, 1924.

I arrived here yesterday from Brussels very much fatigued. Yesterday afternoon while strolling down the Rue de L'Ecole, as I went by a gay little sweets shop I was accosted by a large, stout red-haired woman. She spoke French volubly. Having only a very litle French in my vocabulary I replied, "Le ne parlipas," and she answered, "Chames—he is up ze stairs changing ze clothes, he zee you down ze street, and so make ze preparation for ze to receive." Amazed, I waited for the proprietor, and it was my old class mate, Jim Dermody, and of course, the dark, red hair belonged to———.

July 19.

Paris is certainly fascinating. In my explorations yesterday, I visited Napoleon's tomb under the dome of Hotel des Invalides. While there I was amused to watch the queer antics of a guard near the tomb, who was attempting to assume the poses of Napoleon. On the second glance I saw that the guard was Leslie Frazer. I suppose he gained his present position upon the recommendation of "Queen Esther."

July 23.

Today I met Mayor Bristow and family and they invited me to visit their home in Berlin. We leave tomorrow at 9 from the Grand Central Station.

Berlin, Germany, July 29, 1924.

This morning Jochen Bristow took me to the American legation, where I was agreeably surprised to meet my old friend Florence. She is first secretary of the legation and also is now publishing a book, "Complete Simple German Grammar For Primary Grades." I must secure a copy of it as soon as possible.

I don't care for Germany so I think I shall soon leave for the Southern Countries.

Rome, Italy, August 3, 1924.

Here it is August and I have gotten only as far as Italy in my tour of the world. Oh my! How I must hurry on. Monday I was pleasantly surprised to meet Ruth Drake on the street. She told me that she is here having her voice cultivated in order to be a "Bella Donna." Ruth gave me a copy of her latest composition. It was quite pretty and called, "Please go away and let me sleep."

Yesterday, I visited the Vatican, but the Pope was out, so I did not even have a chance to see him.

Alexandria, Egypt, September 1, 1925.

The climate here is certainly great. I had a lovely three-mile ride this afternoon on a camel to see some of the old ruined tombs. I thought I saw a familiar figure delving and prowling around at the base of one tomb. Going closer I saw that it was Eldora Freeman and the guide explained that she was one of the leading scientists. She was searching for a trace of the ancient Egyptian styles.

Calcutta, India, September 29, 1925.

What a wonderful record I have kept of my journeyings; a brief account of each day's happenings! On Saturday, while visiting the new mission schools established by millionaires of Milpitas, California, I was attracted by the beautiful young teacher who passed us. She had a pure face and was surrounded by a horde of little black urchins. On returning to my hotel that evening I inquired who she might be, and was told that she was Beulah Keaggy, one of the most successful teachers there.

Foo-Foo Chung, China, October 7, 1925.

I arrived in this dirty little town last night. A bridge is washed out, so I can't get away for three days. This noon, while riding down the street in a rickety jinriksha, I was horrified to see this

"Choo-Razek and Co., Pottery."

Frantically I called "Stop! stop!" to my coolie, and hurried back to the dingy shop. Inside a sly chink approached me. "Belly glad you to see. The boss she belly glad-so all-she coming-be away right you to see." The boss turned out to be Fanny, of course. She showed me several pieces of ancient pottery, made in 1914, I think, in Mountain View High School, California.

Vladivostok, Siberia, October 20, 1925.

Our tourists' party has been kept here a week, because of a fault in our passports. I was surprised while visiting one of the

mining camps near here to find Harold Wright. He told me that he had been exiled there because of his attempted interference with Russian government. He, however, recently had a promotion and is now athletic instructor of a local club here.

San Francisco, Calif., November 23, 1925.

We landed safely today on the liner "Vaterland." It seems great to be back in America, but I have certainly enjoyed my trip. I received a postal this morning with a view of the new million dollar High School Building, in Mountain View. The card was from Leona, who is now principal of that institution. She said on the card that one of the news members of the faculty is a dancing teacher. I think I shall leave here soon for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Carney in El Paso, Texas.

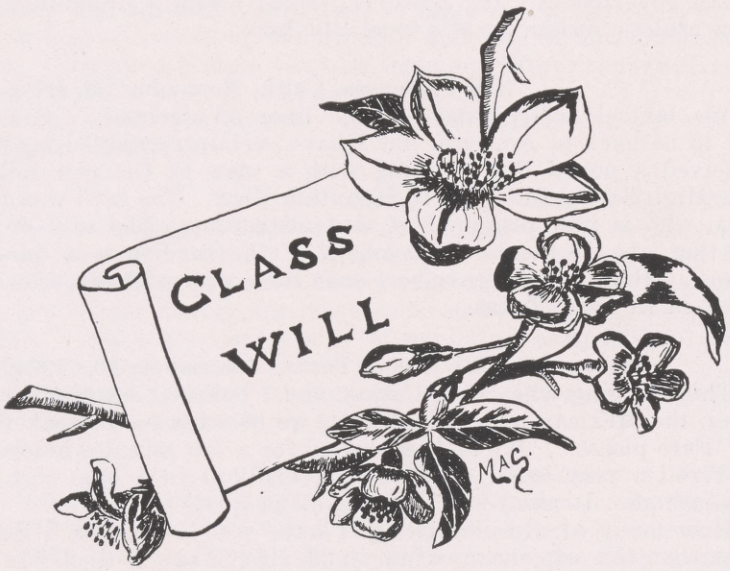
El Paso, Texas, December 10, 1924.

This morning when Mrs. Carney and I boarded a street car for Juarez, the Mexican point of interest, we heard a small weak voice say, "Fare please." We looked around for a few minutes before we discovered a very small conductoress, brilliant in a blue suit and brass buttons. It was Grace Mac, of all people!

How many of my old friends I have seen! Oh, yes, I nearly forgot that this afternoon, while in Mexico, I saw a duel. In the middle of the Main Street in center of a crowd two small boys were furiously fighting. Suddenly a tall blonde shot out from the opposite side of the crowd and separated them. Her only words were, "Peace, let there be Peace!" It was Alice Toft, our former dignified class President of 1914.

The rest of this ancient diary had been so badly mutilated by the cannibals on the island where it was found that it is not possible to read it.

—Edith Linck, '14.



WE, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, of Mountain View High School, Santa Clara County, in the State of California, on this twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Fourteen, being of sound mind, for and in consideration of many kindnesses and happy days, have seriously considered the apportionment of certain property and possessions, which we have accumulated during the past four years, and after said consideration, we do declare this to be our last voluntary Will and Testment: as follows:

To the Faculty; having nothing else suitable or of approprite character, we leave our sympathy.

To the Classes as a whole, we leave a most patient disposition and a submissive demeanor with which we hope they will be enabled to graduate in due time.

The various members of the Class individually bequeath as follows:

To Mr. Fisher, James Dermody bequeaths his track suit. He also leaves his place in the Tennis Doubles to William Huff with the proviso that he is not to play the game nearly as well as the devisee.

To Edith Oliver, Edith Linck leaves a lamp known as the "Lamp of Learning," by which she may see her way through the coming year of High School.

Ruth Drake resigns her position in the Mountain View High School as "teacher's pet" to Marie Garliepp.

Beulah Keagy leaves to Theresa Skinner, all her notes from James Dermody. She also leaves the "King" with other emblems of royalty to the student who shows the most skill in Queening.

Florence Hoernig parts with her Debates and also an Essay on Romance to Calvin Case.

Iva Rogers, ''the apple of his eyes,'' leaves the honorable position to Llewelyn Wilcox's affections to Esther Christiansen. She also bequeaths just bit of the ''speed'' that she has in moving about from place to place to Beulah Job.

Leslie Frazer leaves the position of Business Manager of the Blue and Gray to Donald Mork. Needless to say, a deficit accompanies the position.

Grace McConnell leaves her little blue vanity bag to Ben Brunhofer as a fond remembrance of those noonday bicycle rides.

Eldora Freeman wills her Dramatic Prowess to anyone who will supply her with a nurse's uniform.

Alice Hagerty bequeaths her pretty blue bandana and her basket ball suit to Esther Smith, with the proviso that she practice as often at noontime, or any other time when the girls want her, as ''Steve'' herself did.

Fannie Razek leaves the plasant task of making all the Posters for numerous entertainments which the school gives during the year to Pauline Hollis.

Leona Armstrong leaves a snatch of proetry entitled, ''Why those fond and errant glances ?'' (meaning Cal) and the use of the Senior girls' mirror to Alva Cooper, as she will have no further use for it, being through with school life.

Madeline Brown leaves her serene condition of mind to Miss Peckham.

Alice Toft leaves Peter Robiano and the enhancing smiles which he bestows, to Margaret Dechmann.

To Miss Ward, Lola Brown leaves a pair of Spaulding boxing gloves, which, by the way, were purchased with coupons, for the purpose of keeping order in the Reading Club.

To allay the effort of living, Harold Wright has purchased a folding cot and a Union Leader lunch basket, which he now bequeaths to Elton Gerrels.

We, the Senior Class of Nineteen Fourteen, being of sound minds, to declare this to be our last Will and Testament. We nominate and appoint as Executor of this Will and Testament, our principal, Mr. E. T. Zahn. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this twenty-fifth day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred Fourteen.

"Darling," he said in tender tones,
"I never loved but thee!"
"Then we must part," the maiden said,
"No amateurs for me."—Ex.

Judge Beverly, passing the Domestic Science building where the girls were breaking ice with an axe.

,"What are you doing, girls, cutting the biscuits you made this morning?"

Said while rehearsing "Queen Esther."—Mr. Jeffers—"Now the Grammar School Girls dance all over on page 67."

Calvin—"I wondered what made these books so dirty."

A teacher trying to teach the children not to be cruel to animals, took them for a walk. She heard an unearthly yell—

"Johnnie, what's the matter?"

"I sat on a poor little hornet," replied Johnnie.—Ex

What would happen——
If Grace grew tall?
If David Smiled?
If Elsworth were on time?
If Calvin looked at a girl?
If Iva hurried?
If Harold were at school?
If Florence were sent to the office?
If Pauline should leave us?

Mr. Zahn—"Open this door right away."
Freshies, singing inside—"In the Sweet Bye and Bye!"

Mr. Zahn, in Physiography—"Ray, tell me how winds originate."
Ray—"They start and can't stop."

Ah! no chemistry for me,
Spoke a gallant Sophomore;
And he bit a stick of dynamite
And now he is no more.—Ex.

Miss Peckham, in Civics—"I am going to have a new system of marking your daily work—a pack of cards, a name on every one."
Leona—"Who's the Joker?"

A remark from a Freshman—"A pen must be pushed, but a pencil must be lead."

A Plot.

My teacher planned my downfall;
Three stories I must write,
And so I sit, and think, and think,
And use my brains with all my might.
I've started many fables,
Not one is yet complete.
I don't know what the matter is
But writing is some feat.
I've raved and raved o'er many plots,
But these I can't see through;
My stories all are big black blots,
As on my seeking pen I chew.

—H. G. Moore, 1916.

Miss Pears (in D. S.), explaining bread making—"How do yeast plants get air?"
Alice Toft—"Through the leaves."

Elsie, reading in Latin, "Audacissime" (Oh, do kiss me.)
Hugh in a loud whisper)—"Oh! Where?"
Miss Ward—(Cis)—"On this side."

Miss Wolfenbarger, in drawing class—"Don't let me hear my name again."

Marjorie—"Change it."

Our Faculty.

Mr. Zahn was walking down by the wharf. He saw a bird (Byrd) flying toward the pier(s) (Peers). Miss Wolfenbarger came rushing to see the bird (Byrd), but stepped too far and fell into the water. Miss Peckham rushed to the scene just in time to hear Lind say (Lindsay), "Fish 'er (Fisher) out and take her to the first ward (Ward) Hospital."

Miss Peckham—"Schwill is missing from the library. Has anyone Schwill at home?"

Domestic Science Whiz.—"We burn ours."

Little Freshies—"Oh, wot's the matter with the Botany Class? They have the swell heads."

Sophomore—"Oh, nothing, except that they have been trying to grow poison oak."

Miss Wolfenbarger in drawing class)—"Ben your lips (ellipses) are too prominent. Grace, yours are too large, and you are both too near (the object).

Miss Peckham—"Why were the Middle Ages called the Dark Ages?"

Student—"Because there were so many knights.

It is a modern teacher,
And she stoppeth one of three,
There shall be no talking on this floor,
See me quarter after four.

A teacher was explaining the use of a hyphen to her class. The word "bird-cage" was given as an example.

"Now Elton, can you tell me why 'bird-cage' has a hyphen," inquired the teacher.

"Yes, for the bird to stand on," was Elton's reply.

"I'm Dutch. What's your nationality?"

"Well, me mother's an Injun, me father's the engineer, and I'm a box-car."—Ex.

Mr. Zahn—"It's the home run that counts."

Harriet—"A three-bagger is good enough for me."
(Jack North is third baseman.)

Ray in Physiography—"Mr. Zahn, is this building heated by an electric fan?"

The Foresaken Bum.

William Chung was a poor old bum,
That got all smashed up one day,
When he wasn't seen by Gerrell's Buzz Machine,
That was coming down his way.
They looked at Chung and examined his tongue,
And they said, "He is bound to croak.
Why, his head is smashed, and his chest is slashed,
And his bones are bent and broke!"
But the doctor came, and he said, "Why, Shame!
I can fix him in a trice,
I've a splendid plan to repair this man,
With the things I have on ice.
I have legs galore, and of arms a store,
That of old I've amputated,
I have saved them till I can choose at will,
For this man as I have stated."
So they worked on Chung
And they gave him a lung
And a stomach that was not his,
A liver, a heart, and a great big part
Of a nice cold storage Phiz.
He had legs brand new, and some fresh arms, too,
Yet one question puzzles me;
When he did get well, could he really tell
Just how much of him was he?

—Porter Kimball, '16.

Edith Oliver (rushing into drawing room)—"Miss Wolfenbarger, have you a match?"

Miss Wolfenbarger—"No, I have been looking for one for a long time. Ask Mr. Lindsay."

Miss Wolfenbarger (in leather class)—"Now, class get ready to dye (die).

Eldora—"Oh, Francis has a new necktie. Isn't it pretty?"

Francis—"Aren't you noticeable?"

(Freshmen shouldn't try to use large words.)

Mr. Lindsay (to inattentive chemistry students)—"Give me your ears and keep your tongues."

Miss Ward (dictating sentences in Latin): Cantatne ista avis?" (Does that bird sing?)

Little bird (sitting unnoticed on the window sill)—"Chirp, chirp, chirp."

Miss Peers (in Home Nursing, explaining how to bind a broken bone when far away from a doctor)—"Next wind the limb around the board."

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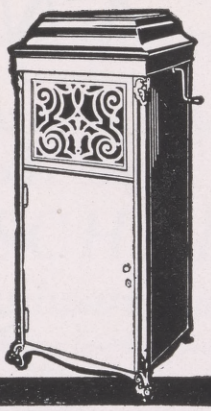

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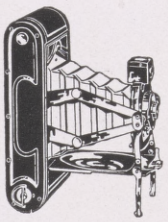

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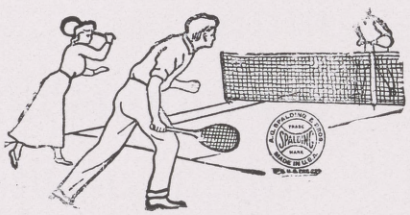

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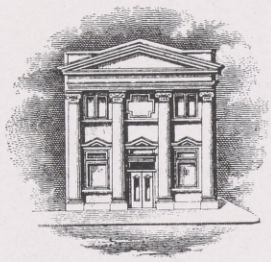

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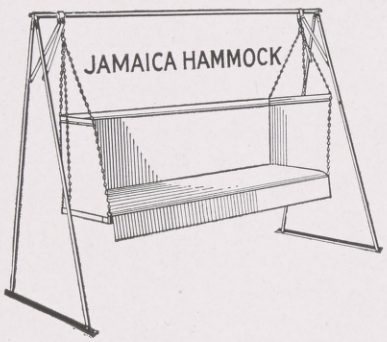

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